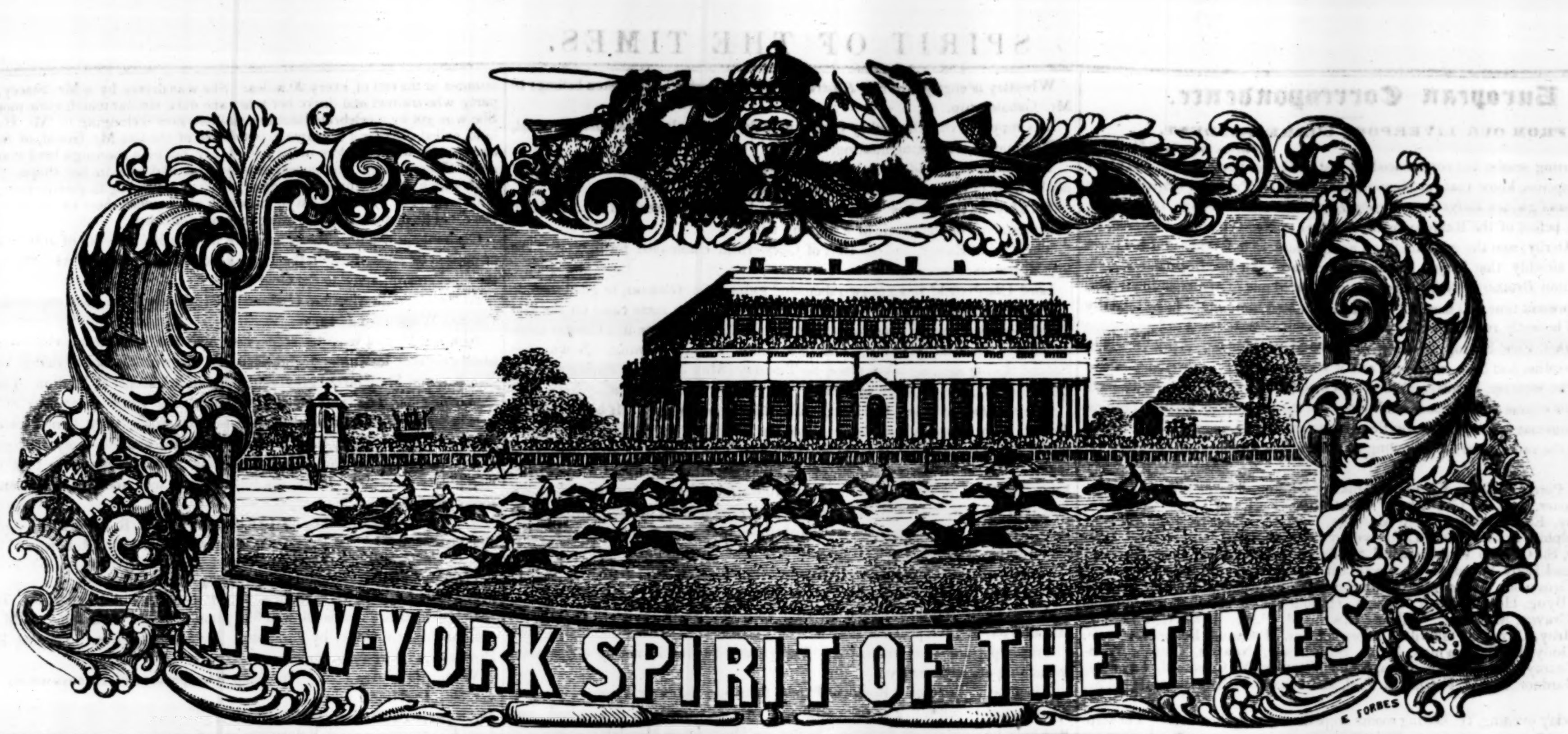
NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES
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OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1836. NEW SERIES—VOL. VI. № 16.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, April 23, 1836.

Miss Caton—who is an American and *has been* handsome—is about being married to Lord Stafford, a Catholic Peer. His Lordship has title and no cash—the lady has cash and wants a title. Lord S. is aged sixty-five; he was Sir Geo. Jernyngham.

The Queen and her suite were at the Italian Opera, on Tuesday. *Norma* was performed,—the ballet in which Carlotta Grisi danced herself into the hearts of the Cockneys,—and the first scene of *Il Barbiere*, by Signiors Rubini and Lablache.

Malibran appears, on May 2, in *La Sonnambula*, at Drury Lane: afterwards in Balfe's new Opera, in which Balfe will perform.

Douglas Jerrold and Hammond do not open the Strand Theatre until Monday.

HELEN FAUCIT is getting on, steadily and surely, at Covent Garden Theatre. On this day week Mrs. Charles Gore's new drama, *Don John of Austria*, was produced at this theatre. Part of it is in blank verse, part of it in blank prose: now, the language is highly poetical; anon, it is meagre and bald. It is partly a translation, partly an adaption from a French piece by Delavigne. It has two or three odd parts in the plot—though not quite so odd as the Major General's *Pontiac* (the fame of which has reached London:)—one is that Philip of Spain and his brother Don Juan should, at the same time love the same Hebrew maiden—one Leah Sandoval, known in the piece as *Florinda*. The other is that Charles V, after he has gone to his seclusion at St. Just, keeps with him a girl (in boy's apparel) to whom he trusts his own secrets and those of other people, and is sure to follow her (or *his*) advice.

Mrs. SHARPE has *not* succeeded—certainly she has not *failed*. The newspapers, in general, give her great praise—but say she is too masculine. Now, *Lady Macbeth* and *Lady Constance* are both masculine women, and hence Ellen Tree, (a little, pretty, thin, weak voiced creature) makes the *funniest* Lady Macbeth in the world. Mrs. Sharpe must have more trials—she should have a cast at comedy. She is a fine woman, and certainly understands the author's meaning—which many lady-actors do not.

Miss Vandenhoff is withdrawn, I am told, from Drury Lane:—pity she ever went on the boards. Darning stockings, at home, would be a more useful occupation. Vandenhoff, I believe, means to carry her out to America—as "a star." Shall she twinkle?—aye, like phosphorus in the dark?

A man, named CHEEK, has invented a curiosity, which he calls "The Pedestrian's Companion." It is an umbrella, fishing rod, and walking stick comprised in a very light and portable umbrella. Cheek has many inventions: this last is a *chef-d'ouvre* (shade over!)

Considerable mystery exists as to the separation of the Hon. Mrs. NORTON (the poetess) from her husband. It is said that a *crim. con.* case will be the result, but against this is the fact that the lady is received into the circles, as before, and lives in the family of Lord Seymour, who married her sister.

Seymour, who illustrated "Figaro in London," and was (next to H. B.) the best political caricaturist in England, destroyed himself a few days since, in a fit of insanity. He was in the prime of life.

Mr. WILLIS has got into *another* scrape. Never had any man such a "glorious alacrity" in getting his head into *chancery*—as the pugilists say. We pass over any scrapes, at home; but *here* we have his quarrel with Lockhart, of the *Quarterly*—his squabble with Tom Moore—his *semi-duel* with Captain Marryatt. *Now* comes a serious and peculiar attack on him, from another quarter. "Pericles and Aspazia," the last work of Walter Savage Landor contains a postscript in which Mr. Willis is very sharply spoken of. It is a singular charge, and one of which—though the work has been before the public for some time—Mr. Willis has not yet taken any notice.

[Our correspondent here subjoins Mr. Landor's *charge*, which is quite too long "a bill of indictment" for our readers. The whole amount of it may be summed up in this:—that Mr. Willis loaned of him the five printed volumes and one in MS. of his "*Imaginary Conversations*" the which has never been returned. Mr. Landor thinks Mr. Willlis has lost them and charges him with trifling with his feelings by a subterfuge that he had loaned them to an American gentleman in Florence, etc. This is the *gist* of the long article.—*Ed. Sp. of the T.*]

Willis, however, has good broad shoulders, and can bear a little harmless ridicule. His "Pencillings" have been *very* much read, and his powers of language have been praised by every critical authority of any note. He gets the very highest price from the magazines, and, spite the dash of coxcombry which pervades his sketches, they are admirable. "Slingsby" is looked for, every month, with impatience, by the readers of the *New Monthly Magazine*. He also contributes to the *Court Magazine*—and *Fraser*, and the *Metropolitan*, albeit they abuse him would be very glad to have the aid of his pen.

Talking of Fraser reminds me of what I should have mentioned before. The "Alfred Croquis" of this work (in its illustrations) is no less than Daniel McClise, the celebrated artist. McClise (an old schoolmate of mine) is an Irishman, and if what he *can* do be estimated by what he *has* done, he will soon be at the top of the tree.

Louis Phillippe, poor man, having more private property than any other individual in Europe, (only 13,000,000 of livres, or 520,000*l* British—equal, on the value of money in France, to 520,000 per annum) is quite unable to provide for his children, and Thiers is to try and coax the Chambers into a grant of $250,000 a year for the Duke of Orleans.—They will give it—*I don't think!*

A recently published list of newspapers in the British Islands exhibits the following result.

London papers	Liberal 21.	Tory 21	42
English country papers	Liberal 104.	Tory 66	170
Scotch	Liberal 27.	Tory 21	48
Wales	Liberal 3.	Tory 3	6
Smaller Islands	Liberal 9.	Tory 3	12
			278
About forty have no politics			40
Total papers in Great Britain and Ireland, &c			318

The Arch Duke Charles of Austria is believed to have declined "the honor" of an alliance with the heir of the Russian empire: reserving his daughter for the King of Greece.

Borthwick, who defeated the abolitionist Thompson, at Manchester and other places, on the question of slavery, has got damages of 100*l.* against the editor of a country paper for libelling him. 'Twas proved, however, that his "whole course of life" had been thus: petty bookseller near Edinburgh,—insolvent, paying 3*s.* 3½*d.* in the pound—clerical student and preacher—fellow commoner and prisoner for debt at Cambridge—manufacturer of plays and spouter in favor of Slavery,—playwright and writer on "the second advent,"—actor of Othello at the Surrey theatre, and member of Parliament for Evesham. He is aged 30 years!

Madam Jenny Vertpre continues to have good performances, and good audiences at Braham's Theatre. A new Vaudeville, written by M. Villeneuve was produced on Monday evening. It is full of fun, and kept the audience—including your humble servant—in roars of laughter. It is called *La Fille de Dominique*.

The remains of the late William Godwin, the novelist, were interred in St. Pancras churchyard, where already were deposited all that was mortal of Mary Wollstoncroft, his first wife. Percy Bysche Shelley's son (Godwin's grandson) was the chief mourner. There were, as mourners, Thomas Campbell, the poet; Captain Trelawney, Byron's friend andauthor of "Adventures of a younger son;" Kenny, the dramatist: Dr. Irwins; and the Rev. H. Caunter, author of "The Oriental Annual." Godwin was buried in the same grave with his first wife—who died 40 years since. She is known as an authoress of an "Answer to Burke on the French Revolution,"—Vindication of the Rights of Woman," and "Thoughts on the Education of Daughters."

Strawberries are on sale at Covent Garden Market, at the *moderate* price of 75 cents per ounce. Forced cucumbers fetch from $1 to $2 each.

The Duchess of Kent was to have had a rout on Monday evening, but it was suddenly put off, on the following account. Early on that morning, a German named Charles Hartmann, confectioner to her Royal Highness, was found dead, in a back kitchen at Kensington palace, where the Duchess and her daughter reside. The unfortunate man had destroyed himself, by placing the barrels of a double barrelled gun, both loaded with ball, in the fire place of a stove, and placing himself before them, so that the charges passed through his chest. The noise caused by the discharge, awakened the Duchess, Princess Sophia, Prince George of Leiningen and other inmates of the palace. Mr. Manning, the Coroner, held an inquest on the body, Tuesday. A verdict of "accidental death" was returned.

LONDON, April 30, 1836.

"Story! God bless you, I have none to tell, Sir!"

So said Canning's "weary knife-grinder," and so, I fear, must say your correspondent, for the nonce. In fact, we have very little news afloat, and you know I am too veracious to invent any. I have a bit of scandal, however.

Gisborne, the M. P. for North Derbyshire, has a nephew who happens to be a handsome, high-spirited fellow. He, Mr. Gisborne, Jun., received a Government appointment in Canada, set sail from Liverpool in the *Scotland*, was obliged to put back, found his way to Mansfield, (Nottinghamshire) where resided a fair and well dowered minor, Miss Cursham, to whom he had previously been engaged, but "the course of true love" run unsmoothly—made an appointment with her, of the elopement *genus*—the lady told her aunt that she was going to visit a neighbor and went out. She was met on the road to Chesterfield, by her admirer (universally believed to be half way across the Atlantic)—walked with him to Chesterfield (14 miles)—went with him to Manchester—thence to Gretna, where the blacksmith made them "one flesh,"—and the happy pair have been forgiven by the guardians, &c., so that, as Lord Byron says,

"All went merry as a marriage bell!"

Gisborne, the uncle of the hero, is a man of indifferent character, *very* indifferent. He was candidate, some four years since, for the representation of North Derbyshire, and was opposed by the long purse of a well intentioned but not very intelligent baronet, Sir Geo. Sitwell. When the day of election came, Gisborne was wroth to find that his antagonist had engaged every vehicle in which voters could be carried to the polls—for English Independence (!!) is this—you must convey your man to the poll, else he will not vote. Gisborne issued a manifesto, in which, alluding to the manœuvre of his opponent, he said that he pitied the man who would not rather ride in a cart to the place of election, than go in a coach and four to record his vote for a candidate against the people. On this text, a mad wag, made a poetic squib which in its turn, changes the laugh in favor of Sitwell. As an election squib, it is very fair:

"How easily a knave's enraged!"
This truth all other truth surpasses—
Sir George the horses has engaged,
Leaving his rival—all the asses!

"In this dilemma, what can be
A balm for Tom, half broken hearted?
Why, e'en the gallows' hope to see
His friends, like jail-birds, poked and *carted!*

"Rode in a cart!—a gallows' way,
The last conveyance guilt inherits—
N' importe! though cavillers may say
The mode is suited to *his* merits."

A great outcry is now raised against O'Connell because, at a public meeting in 1824, he said, of the bulk of English females, that "nineteen out of twenty of them were mothers before or a month after marriage!" He denies the words—but he *did* use them.

Nina Lassave is actually at a *restaurateur's*, in Leicester square. She is a one eyed, dark haired, pale-faced creature;—just fit to be the concubine of a Fieschi.

Theodore Hook is going to Hanover, by the desire of the King, to write the History of that Kingdom.

Fra Diavolo is performing now at Drury Lane: the cast includes Mr. Wilson, Mr. Daruset, Mr. Sequin, M. Guibelei, Miss Shirreff, and Miss Forde.

The Grand Fancy Dress Ball, for the benefit of the Polish emigrants in England, took place at Willis' rooms (where Almack's balls are held) on last Monday night. It was the most brilliant affair which, of late years, has been seen in London. Most of the costumes were, appropriately, of the Polish character. Lady Seymour and Mrs. Blackwood (sisters of Mrs. Norton the poetess,) Hon. Mr. Leicester Stanhope, Miss Shepherd, and two Misses Baring were the best dressed women, almost the best looking, in the room. They had the advantage of dancing quadrilles to new music by Wieppert's excellent band. The company did not separate until six in the morning!

Tyrone Power—this boy will be the death of us! He has gone back to Covent Garden Theatre at £20 per night, and made his *bob* before the audience on Tuesday evening, in a new piece, romantic and musical, and melo-dramatic, called "*O'Flannagan, and the Fairis*, or a Midsummer's Night Dream." The hero of this piece is one *Phelim O'Flanagan*—quite a broth of a boy—who is in love, up to the ears, with one "fair spirit," *Mary Kiernan*. Phelim is, by course, a native of the sod, and, as a true Irishman, is fond of the *cratur*, and the *fair*—that is of mountain dew, vulgarly called whiskey, and of using his shilelah, *at* a fair, *for* the fair. Mary has made up her mind that *her* husband must be sober and must not be quarrelsome, on which, to qualify himself, Phelim takes an oath to abstain from whiskey and shilelahs for a twelvemonth. He succeeds, and the day after the expiring of this probationary twelvemonth is fixed upon for the marriage. But, on the last day of trial, a fair is held, and Phelim attends it; a rival leads him into drink and a *skrimmage*—he breaks his oath and a man's head. Then follows Phelim's dream, in which he fancies himself in Lancaster, where he is convicted of a crime which leads him to the gallows; but, in his dream, he fancies he gets off, but is "bothered intirely" with the notion that he has let eight days stop from the day of hs intended marriage, and that Mary Kiernan has thrown him aside, and married his rival. At last, he wakes, and finds 'tis but a dream. Mary, who has a sneaking kindness for him throughout, willingly forgives his little affair at the fair, and they marry forthwith. The piece is full of fun, and you may be sure that Power makes enough of his part.

Guiletta Grisi, we are told, was married, last Sunday, to M. Auguste Girard de Melcy, a Frenchman of respectable family and fortune; I am told the *actual* marriage took place months since, but that the lady had *pregnant* reasons for at last declaring it.

Whittaker tells me that he is bringing out "a famous book on Germany." I have seen an early copy, and it fully deserves his praise. It is in 2 vols. and is called "Sketches of Germany and the Germans: including a tour in parts of Poland, Hungary, and Switzerland." The sketcher is an Englishman long resident in Germany.

The Duke of Orleans and Nemours are going to Berlin and Vienna on a matrimonial speculation. The Duke of Orleans will espouse a daughter of the Archduke Charles of Austria, and he of Nemours will propose for the Princess of Wirtemberg, niece of Nicholas of Russia! If these matches take place, a new family alliance will thus be formed against the liberty of Europe. The Austrian Princess is said to have fallen in love with the miniature of the Duke of Orleans He *is* a fine young man, and it is his misfortune rather than his fault that he has a tyrant for father.

The Queen visited the King's Theatre on Thursday evening. It was Rubini's benefit, and *I Puritani* was performed; Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache performed. One of the critics, in reference to Grisi's charge of situation, announces that it appears she had *split* tones! Really, the license of the press is getting bad enough for any thing.

The younger Morton (son of the author of "a cure for the Heart-Ache" &c.) produced a farce at the Haymarket, on Tuesday. It is called "My Husband's Ghost," and is very laughable. *Drummer Gilkies*, Mr. Buckstone, pretends to be the Ghost of *Corporal Musket*, to frighten the relict of said Corporal to marry him:—the idea being that *Musket* has been drowned in his way to the United States. But the *Corporal* (Mr. Webster) comes back, relieves *Mrs. Musket* (Miss Taylor) from her plague, and all goes off well. Mrs. Humbey, as *Fanny*, was a good minor character. Vandenhoff is at the Haymarket, in *Hamlet* and other deep tragedies.

The King and Queen will give a grand Ball at St. James' Palace, on May 13.

Mr. C. W. Taylor, formerly a vocalist of the Bowery theatre, and more recently of the Baltimore and Washington theatres, has commenced the manufacture of domestic champagne on a large scale in the latter city. If his liquid measures gratify the palate as much as his liquid notes have gratified the ears of the inhabitants of the federal city, he is sure to reap a rapid fortune.

A correspondent in Washington informs us, that the manuscript of Mr. Makenzie's play of Tylney Hall, or the Murder at Henessey's Hut, founded on Hood's novel by that name, has been purchased by Mr. Ward, the manager of the Canada theatres, for a very liberal sum. Mr. Ward's intention is to have it produced at the Franklin Theatre, with the intention of having John Sefton to represent the Character of Unlucky Joe, which part is said to be second to on low comedy part on the modern stage. If the play has the merit that the Washington papers attach to it, we may anticipate as long a run as the Golden Farmer has had.

AN ELDERLY EDITOR.—The *Chronicle*, in one of its "leaders" of Thursday, commences a paragraph as follows:—"To *us*, who have been accustomed *during the last hundred and fifty years* to the conflicts of political sects of every shade, it looks particularly absurd to hear M. Sauzet proclaiming that one of the great objects," &c. We had no idea that Dr. Black was so old a man; it seems that in point of age as well as talent, he is, compared with other editors, decidedly above PAR.

AN IRISH VERDICT.—An inquiry was held in Dublin last week, touching the intellect of a Mr. Marsh, when the jury decided very satisfactorily that he was not an idiot or insane, but he was nevertheless "of unsound mind and unable to manage his affairs." We suspect that there are a good many people of this discription; it has, however, fallen to the lot of an Irish Jury first to draw this sagacious distinction.

European Correspondence.

FROM OUR LIVERPOOL CORRESPONDENT.

LIVERPOOL, April 24, 1836.

The sporting season *has* commenced, at last. To put you, at once, out of the fever of suspense, know that, at Newmarket Races, on Tuesday, (April 19) *the Two thousand guinea stakes were won by Brother to Nell Gwynne*, the winner, a fortnight before of the Riddlesworth. Brother to Nell Gwynne is entered, also, for the Derby, and the odds are 2 to 1 against him—5 to 2 taken. This horse has run so steadily, that I think he has a fair chance. In blood, speed, strength, and reputation *Brother to Nell Gwynne* is considered one of the most likely horses of the present time. There is "no mistake" about him, and if he be honestly treated and honestly rode, he will be one of the crack cattle of the Turf.

Newmarket First Spring Meeting commenced on Monday, April 18. The previous weather had been indifferent, and it was feared that the ground would be heavy. The weather, however, cleared up a couple of days before the races commenced—the course was in good condition—and the favourable weather brought down an immense number of the sporting characters, from London. The regular reporter of the races gives the following as a list of the spectators of the races, on Tuesday.

Duke of Portland, Duke of Rutland, Duke of Grafton, Marquess and Marchioness of Exeter, Earl and Countess of Chesterfield, Earl and Countess Wilton, Earl Jersey, Earl Uxbridge, Lord Manners, Lord G. Manners, Lord Berners, Lord Godolphin, Lord Villiers, Lord Sydney Osborne, Lord John Fitzroy, Lord C. Fitzroy, Sir Charles Watson, Sir J. Shelly, Sir Sandford and Lady Graham, Sir Mark and Lady Wood, Sir C. Coote, Sir David Baird, Honourable General and Mrs. Grosvenor, Honourable Colonel and Mrs. Anson, Honorable Captain and Lady Byng, Honourable A. Villiers, Honourable S. Wortley, Honourable Bulkeley Craven, Messrs. C. Wilson, Etwrll, M. P., G. Walker, Thornhill, Hawker, Irby, Clive, C. Greville, Thornhill, jun., Portman, Delme Radcliffe, Worrall, Gully, M. P. Townley, M. P., Stonehewer, Newton, Catson, Waddington, Fitzroy, Neville, Crommelin, Sloane, Stanley, M. Campbell, Townley, Ricardo, Gardnor, Payne, Fairille, E. Peel, and a host of others we could not ascertain.

On Monday evening, the betting rooms were thronged with betters. The state of the odds differed very much (on the 2000 guinea stakes and the Portland Handicap) from the quotations from Tattersalls. Brother to Nell Gwynne was the favorite (11 to 10 against him) for the 2000 guineas stakes: 7 to 4 were taken against *Elis*. It was supposed that besides these two, Lord Exeter's *Muezzin*, Duke of Grafton's *Calmuck*, Mr. Robinson's *Whaley*, and Lord Berners' c. out of Camarine's dam were alone likely to run.

There was indifferent sport on Monday. I subjoin the return.

MONDAY, APRIL 18.—Handicap stakes of 10 sovs each, for three-year olds and upwards.—T. Y. C.

Col. Peel's f. *Arsenic*, by The Colonel, out of Arsena, by Morisco, 3 yrs old, 6st. (W. Boyce)	1
Sir E. Baker's b. h. *Spume*, by Roller, 5 yrs, 8st 9lb	2
Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. *Vandenhoff*, 3 yrs old, 6st 8lb	3
Lord Chesterfield's b. g. *Valiant*, 5 yrs old, 9st 7lb	0
Mr. Cooper's ch. g. by Figaro, dam by Soothsayer, grandam by Sir David —*Miss Cranfield*, 4 yrs 7st 8lb	0
Mr. Thornhill's b. f. *Muzee*, by Merchant, 3 yrs 6st 10lb	0
Mr. Forth's b. c. by Albany, out of Gale Middleton's dam, by Tramp, 3 years old, 6st 8lb	0

2 to 1 against Valiant (taken) 3 to 1 against Spume, 3 to 1 against Mr. Forth's colt, 4 to 1 against Col. Peel's filly, 5 to 1 against Muzee, and 5 to 1 against Vandenhoff. Valiant made running to the new ground, when Spume took it up; a few strides from home Arsenic and Vandenhoff came up, the former winning by half a length: all the rest well up.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs each, h. ft.—T. M. M. (4 subs.)

Sir M. Wood's ch. h. *Amesbury*, by Phantom, out of Euphrasia, by Rubens, aged, 7st 1lb (Pavis)	1
Mr. Sowerby's b. h. *Rioter*, by Reveller, 5 yrs, 7st 6lb	2
Mr. J. H. Peel's ch. h. *Uncle Toby*, by Cain, 6 yrs, 8si	3

6 to 4 against Rioter, 7 to 4 against Amesbury, and 5 to 2 against Uncle Toby. Amesbury made all the running and won by six lengths.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs each, h. ft. for three years old fillies, 8st 4lb each.—D. M. (6 subscribers.)

Mr. Houldsworth's ches. *Destiny*, sister to Despot, by Sultan, out of Fanny Davies, by Filho (J. Day)	1
Lord Exeter's bay, *Toga*, by Sultan, out of Dulcinea	2

Even betting, Toga for choice. A very fine race and won by half a length only.

Fifty Pounds, for four-year olds and upwards.—Last three miles of B. C.

Lord Chesterfield's b. h. *Glaucus*, by Partisan, out of Nanine, 6 yrs old, 8st 9lb	walked over

Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. *Coriolanus*, by Emilius, out of Linda, 8 st 2lb, recd. 100 sovs ft. from Lord Litchfield's b. c. Ascot, by Reveller, 8st 4lb. A. F. 300. h. ft.

On Tuesday the running was *prime*. The first race was:

The King's Plate of 100 guineas for mares; C. C.

Mr. Forth's *Famine*, 5 yrs, 9st 4lb (owner)	1
Duke of Richmond's *Pussy*, 5 yrs, 9st 4lb	2
Mr. Sowerby's *Bodice*, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb	3

At starting, the bets were thus: Even on *Pussy*, 12 to 5 against *Famine*, and 5 to 1 against *Bodice*. *Pussy* ran at top-speed all the way, was challenged by *Famine* half way up the plantation, a neck and neck race took place, and Famine won cleverly by a length. Bets ran very high, as Pussy was the favorite.

The next was THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEA STAKES of 100 sovs each, ft:—colts 8st 7lb; fillies 8st; R. M.; 28 subs.

Lord Jersey's *Brother to Nell Gwynne* (Robinson)	1
Lord Lichfield's *Elis* (J. Day)	2
Lord Berners' c. by Lamplighter, out of Camarine's dam	3
Duke of Grafton's *Calmuck*	4
Mr. Robinson's *Whaley*	5
Lord Exeter's *Muezzin*	6

At starting, the bets were 11 to 1 on *Brother to Nelll Gwynne*, 2 to 1 against *Elis*, 10 to 1 against *Muezzin* (taken) and 15 to 1 against *Calmuck*.

This race was, in every respect, the most important which has been run at Newmarket during the last 25 years. The betting was heavy—enormously heavy. The running was of almost unexampled severity. There never, within the memory of man, has been a race at which there were more of the tip-top gentry of the turf. There were two or three false starts, but, at length, off they went. *Elis* took the lead—Lamplighter colt followed close at hand—Brother to Nell Gwynne a length behind the colt and on on the off side of the ropes—ready for the spring. The others keep near, and a quilt would have covered them until they got to the end of the T. Y. C. when they shut up. Immediately, Lamplighter found the pace too killing, and gave in. Then came the run, between the two favorites, *Elis and Brother to Nell Gwynne*. At the bushes, *Brother to Nell Gwynne* began to draw upon *Elis*: at the bottom they were head and head—like a pair of turtle doves. But, to this time, the prospect of winning was decidedly in favor of Elis—so far as appearances went. From the rise to the chain the struggle (a hard one) took place: *both horses ran their best*, and a fairer contest for speed and strength, was never witnessed. So near a thing was it that Robinson (who rode the winner) could hardly believe that he had won. The judges declared that *Brother to Nell Gwynne* had won by a neck: Lamplighter colt coming in three lengths behind Elis, and the other three far back, having pulled in early. The pace was dreadfully fast. Immense lots have have been made up on this race, and Lord Jersey will pocket some $200,000, for his share, besides the stakes, which are no joke.

OLD DOWTON, the last of the good old school, leaves England by the packet which will carry this to you. He has now no equal—and I think that even after HACKETT'S *Falstaff*, you will give very great admiration to Dowton's. [He played at the Park this week.—*Ed.*]

I have written so fully, by the last packet, which, by the way, has been deterred by contrary winds, that I have literally exhausted my budget of news. Next week, we shall have the Chester Races, &c. and then, the week following, hey for the Aintree Craven running. This is the most promising season, for the turf, within my memory.

LIVERPOOL, April 27, 1836.

The *Napoleon* has been detained by the neap tides, and I take advantage of the delay to bring my news up to the latest moment. It may abridge your next letter from me, but *n' importe*. The Independence has arrived in 14 days and five hours. This is "Sporting" sailing. The result of the 2000 guineas Stakes, at Newmarket has brought Bay Middleton (Brother to Nell Gaynne) up to 2 to 1 for he Derby, and Elis, 12 to 1 for the Doncaster St. Ledger.

Wheatley is engaged to ride *Ebbertston* for the Derby. Ebberston belongs to Mr. Osbaldeston.

It is supposed that the Jockey Club will make the Portland Handicap *annual*, at Newmarket, 1st spring meeting.

The names of the *riders* of the winning horses, at Newmarket, last week, may not be without interest. You will find them appended, to each return.

W. Day the trainer has "gone to earth." He died last week, at Ascot Heath in consequence of the efforts of a hunting fall.

The Earl of Exeter, and the Earl of Chesterfield challenged for the cup in the last Newmarket meeting.

Lord Chesterfield has got two thousand guineas for *Glaucus*, to go abroad.

Bristol and Clifton races commence to day. Durham races came on the 21st April:—it exhibited no good running, and I shall not report on it. Chester races commence on next Monday, and last until Friday evening. Newmarket Second Spring meeting takes place, on Tuesday (May 3.) York Spring meeting commences on May 9, lasts two days. Some crack horses entered.

The race for the Ascot Gold Cup will be highly interesting. It will be run on June 2. The favorites are *Rockingham*, the winner of the St. Leger and Goodwood cup, *Touchstone*, winner of the St. Leger and Doncaster cup, and *Sheet Anchor*, winner on this day week, of the great Portland Handicap, at Newmarket. The race is thus, 3 yrs. old: 6st. 10lb: four 8st. 2lb five, 8st. 12lb; six and aged 9st. 3lb: mares allowed 3st:—length of course 2½ miles. *Rockingham* by Humphrey Clinker, is 6 yrs:—Touchstone, by Camel, 5 yrs. and *Sheet Anchor*, brother to Hope, 4 yrs.

Luke Rogers and Cozens have had a boxing match, for 50*l* aside. Battle lasted 20 rounds, in 45 minutes, and Cozens got a good thrashing.

A man named Halpen engages to walk, for £10, *Thirty Miles in Six Hours*. It comes off, at Liverpool, on May 9.

Cricket playing has commenced. The game, however, is not by any means, in such repute as formerly.

Ainsworth's novel of "Rockwood" has furnished hints for a popular series of sporting prints called "*Turpin's Ride to York.*" It has been dramatised, and was to be brought out at Astley's Theatre, by Ducrow, on Monday evening.

King Leopold, of Belgium, has become a fox hunter! A fine English subsrciption pack will be thrown off, next October, under the direction, of the Committee of the Belgian Jockey Club. He must import a vulpine cargo—because there are few foxes in Belgium, except them on *two* feet.

Sheridian Knowles and Miss Elphinstone are "starring" at Chester:—that is they are to star for the race week, commencing next Monday. They have been on a professional tour through Ireland.

Sir W. Hamilton and Mr. Geo. Combe (the Phrenolegist) are candidates for the Professionship of Logic, in Edinburgh University.

Alderman Wood has fallen into the 4th of 1,000,0000*l* left by the late John Wood, an eccentric banker of Gloucester.

Vandenhoff is engaged at the the Haymarket Theatre.

Henri Herz, the pianist, is expected in London, to-morrow.

Gleig, author of "The Subaltern" has commenced, in 3 vols. the family History of England.

Cooper—he of "The Spy," announces, in one volume, "Excursions in Switzerland."

Vestris has taken all her company to Manchester. Bunn's Benefit, on Monday week, was the fullest "house" that Drury Lane ever saw.

LIVERPOOL, May 1, 1836.

Monday was "settling day" at Tattersall's, on account of the engagements at and out of the Newmarket Meeting. It lasted for *seven* hours. On the conclusion of it, several bets were made on the Derby at odds, differing in several important respects from those last quoted. Colonel Peel's lot were backed freely at 10 to 1, and his horses singly at the odds given below, to a considerable amount. Brother to Bamfykde made as sudden, but not so unexpected an advance, repeated offers to back him having been made in the course of the last eight or ten days. Neither Bay Middleton nor Ebberston were in much demand. In the Oaks betting there is nothing fresh beyond a marked improvement in Fair Jane, and the "first appearance" of a fair Cyprian, who is now travelling from the north with a better character than her name would indicate. The betting closed at a late hour, as follows:—

DERBY.

2 to 1 agst Bay Middleton, brother to Nell Gwynne
8 to 1 agst Ebberston, by Velocipede, dam by Partisan (t.)
12 to 1 agst Carew, bro. to Bamfylde, by Tramp or Comus (t.)
18 to 1 agst Slane, by Royal Oak, out of Minister's dam
20 to 1 agst Mr. Wags, by Langar, out of Parthenesa (taken)
20 to 1 agst The Athenian, brother to Glaucus (taken)
22 to 1 agst Sepoy, by Mulatto, out of Reposada
22 to 1 agst Brother to St. Giles, by Tramp
22 to 1 agst Brother to Emiliana, by Emilius
25 to 1 agst The Cauld Lad of Hylton, brother to Maria (t.)
25 to 1 agst Colt, by Chat. Margaux, out of Emmelina
33 to 1 agst Tipple Cider, by Defence, out of Deposit
40 to 1 agst Muezzin, Brother to Beiram, by Sultan (taken)
40 to 1 agst Taishteer, by Whisker or Zinganee (taken)
40 to 1 agst The Mummy, by Memnon, out of Mouche
50 to 1 agst Weighton, by Brutandorf—Cerberus (taken)
7 to 1 agst Mr. Ridsdale's lot (taken)
9 to 1 agst Col. Peel's lot (taken)
11 to 1 agst Mr. Chifney's lot

Mr. Ridsdale's Brother to Bamfylde is christened "Carew."

OAKS.

8 to 1 agst Grenada, by Muley, out of Bequest
8 to 1 agst Destiny, by Sultan, out of Fanny Davies
8 to 1 agst Emineh, by Sultan (10 to 1 taken)
9 to 1 agst Fair Jane, by Jerry, out of Prodigious
10 to 1 agst Cyprian, by Partisan
11 to 1 agst Toga, sister to Green Mantle, by Sultan
15 to 1 agst Vesper, by Velocipede, out of Crazy Jane

ASCOT CUP.

2 to 1 agst Sheet Anchor—taken.

I announced in my last, that Lord Chesterfield had sold *Glaucus*. It appears now, that Mr. Tattersall is the purchaser, and this fine horse is to cover at Tattersall's farm, near Uxbridge. *Zinganee*, also sold by Lord C. is not to go abroad until the end of the season.

The Tattersall's of Manchester, is "*The Apple Tree,*" a public house, where the Sporting characters do congregate. In Liverpool, there is much betting, but no central place of meeting.

Durham Races came on, Thursday and Friday. The Macaroni Stakes of 10 sovs each, 12st each; two miles; 5 subs.

Mr. Hodgson's gr c *The Cornet*, by Contest, aged beat three others.

The Gold Cup of 100 sovs in specie; two miles; 10 subs. Sir W. Scott's b h *The Count*, by Figaro, out of Catgut, 5 yrs, 8st 13lb. beat three others. The owner of the winner is the eldest son of the great Novelist.

Maiden Purse of 50 sovs. for horses that never won £50 at any one time in plate or stakes before the day of running; heats two miles. Mr. W. Hutchinson's b c by Jerry, out of Scotch Kale, 3 ys 7st 5lb. beat five others.

The Trial Stakes of 20 sovs each, h ft, 15 sovs added, for two year olds; three quarters of a mile.

Mr. Wilkin's ch c *Abraham Newland*, beat two others.

Fifty Pounds for all ages; three mile heats. Mr. Field's b. h. *Durham* by Lottery, 4 yrs. beat two others.

Match for 25 sovs each, one mile.—Mr. Fryer's gr f *Jenny*, beat Mr. Haywood's ro p Rory Bean.

There has not been any challenge for the Eclipse Foot at Ascot.

A two year old filly, got by Androgeus, lately belonging to Mr. Watson, of Hipton, Yorkshire, recently cleared in one leap, over a ditch 28 feet wide. I have seen a horse clear over a running stream, the width from side to side being 23 feet

On Wednesday a great trotting match came off on Sunbury common, 12 miles from London. The report says—

"The terms required that a chesnut mare, eight years old, belonging to a Mr. Dixon, of Knightsbridge, should trot 100 miles in harness within ten hours or ten hours and a half, 200*l*. to 100*l*. being started against her doing it in the first mentioned time, and 100*l*. even against the latter. The start took place at 20 minutes before 6 in the morning, and the whole distance was done with the most perfect ease 3 minutes and 57 seconds within the 10 hours, including a stoppage of two or three minutes at the end of every 20 miles. She was driven by a Mr. Stacey, the same party who trained and drove her when she did a similar match some months back. She was got by a celebrated trotting stallion, now belonging to Mr. Harry England, called Flander's Fireaway, purchased of the late Mr. Gould, of Swaffham, and bred by Mr. Flanders in the Isle of Ely, out of a thorough-bred mare; she is about 15 hands high, and is remarkably neat and level in her shape. The ease with which she stole over the ground, without appearing to go any pace, was generally admired. From the style in which she finished there can be no doubt that she could have done 20 miles more without difficulty."

Cheltenham Summer Races are fixed for the 5th and 6th of July. There are at present 53 subscribers to the Glocestershire-Stakes, 12 to the Sherborne, 8 to the Cheltenham, and 8 to the Gold Cup.

At the Curragh Meeting (Ireland) last Monday, the gold cup was won by Colonel Westenra's *Freney*.

Newport Pagnel was the scene, last Monday, of a steeple chace—one of the finest ever rode in England—between Mr. Chase's ch. horse, ridden by Captain Beecher, and Mr. Harris' grey, ridden by an inn-keeper at Walton. The race line was over grass land, with some stiff leaps,—the length was four miles. The horses cleared the first fence together—second fence, grey horse somerseted his rider, and slightly hurt his left arm,—up again and off—grey in his place again dashed on—slapping pace,—horses close as lovers,—grey horse took the brook leap kindly on return,—Beecher's sulked—grey took and kept lead—and won the race by two lengths.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs each, h. ft. R. M. 5 subs.

Mr. Osbaldeston's f. by Velocipede, Streamlet, 7st. 13lb. (Robinson)	1
Mr. F. Caldecott's b. c. Zingaro, 8st. 2lb	2

Won in a banter, Zingaro falling lame; beaten 4 lengths.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for three yrs. old; cons, 8st. 7lb.; fillies 8st. 3lb.; untried mares allowed 3lb.; stallions 2lb.; both 5lb. A. M. 4 subs.

Lord Chesterfield's c. by Zinganee. Babel walked over. Colonel Peel's The Professor withdrew his stake.

Wednesday, April 20. Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each; for three yrs. old; D. M. (10 subs.)

Mr. Sowerby's *St. Luke* (Wheatly)	1
Lord Chesterfield's c. by Velocipede, out of Dahlia	2

The following also started, but were not placed; Mr. Greville's Cicero; Mr. Forth's Bro. to St. Nicholas; Lord Lichfield's Arbaces; Sir M. Wood's f. by Bustard, out of Clare: Mr. Houldsworth's f. by Emilinus, out of Flush; Col. Peel's The Professor; and Mr. Wilson's f. by Emilinus, or Comus, out of Silvertail.

Betting—7 to 2 on Arbaces; 7 to 2 on Lord Chesterfield's c. by Velocipede taken); 4 to 1 on St. Luke; 4 to 1 on The Professor; and 5 to 1 on Mr. Houldsworth's f. by Emilius.

Silvertail filly and St. Luke made the running to the new ground, where the former gave up; the colt carried it on to the end and won cleverly by a length; the others well up except bro. to St. Nicholas and the Clare filly, which were tailed off.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. with 300 added by the Duke of Portland. Last three miles of B. C. (11 subs.)

Mr. Cooke's br. c. *Sheet Anchor*, brother to Hope, by Lottery, out of Morgiana, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb. (Robinson)	1
Ld. Chesterfield's ch. c. *Hornsea* by Velocipede, 4yr. 8st. 4lb.	2
Mr. Mostyn's b. m. *Birdlime*, by Comus, 5yrs. 8st. 2lb.	3
Mr. Etwall's b. h. *Revenge*, 6 yrs. 8st. 10lb. (broke down)	0
Mr. Sowerby's b. h. *Rioter*, by Reveller, 5 yrs. 7st. 12lb	0
Lord Warwick's b. c. *Pelops*, by Middleton, 4yrs. 7st. 4lb	0
Mr. S. Stanley's b. c. *Tiber*, by Partisan, 4 yrs. 6st. 7lb.	0

5 to 4 against Tiber, (taken) 7 to 2 against Hornsea, 4 to 1 against Birdlime, (taken) 7 to 1 against Sheet Anchor, 8 to 1 against Revenge, and 10 to 1 agst Pelops. Revenge took the lead at a steady pace, followed by Rioter, with the others well up, and so they continued to the bushes, where Tiber went in front and spun them along at the top of his speed to the Duke's Stand, where he declined, Revenge (who broke down) Rioter and Pelops, being already beaten off. Birdlime and Hornsea now ran together, Sheet Anchor lurching behind till within half a distance from home, when he came out like a shot and won easy by four lengths; Hornsea beating Birdlime by a head only; Tiber a bad fourth. The betting very heavy.

Fifty Pounds. B. C.

Lord Chesterfield's b. h. *Glaucus*, 6 yrs. 9st. 4lb. walked over.

THURSDAY, April 21. Match for 100 sovs. each, h. ft. T. Y. C.

Sir M. Wood's ch. c. *The Glama*, by Camel, out of Aspasi, by Pericles, 4 yr. old, 8st. 5lb. (Robinson.)	1
Mr. Greville's c. *Jacket*, by Langar, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 4lb.	2

6 to 4 on Jacket. Won easy.

Match for 50.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Cooper's ch. g. by *Figaro*, dam by Soothsayer; grandam by Sir David, out of Miss Cranfield, 4 yrs. 7st. 9lb. (Nat.)	1
Lord Exeter's b. c. by Waverley, out of Princess Jemima, by Beningbrough, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb.	2

6 to 4 on Mr. Cooper's gelding. A good race.

The 1000gs. Stakes, a subscription of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three yrs. old fillies, 8st. 4lb. each. D. M. (23 subs.)

Mr. Houldsworth's ches. *Destiny*, by Sultan, out of Fanny Davies, by Filho da Puta (J. Day)	1
Lord Exeter's bay, *Toga*, sis. to Green Mantle, by Sultan	2
Col. Peel's grey, *Zenana*, by Sulton, out of Fille de Joie	3
Mr. Greville's ches. *Marmalade*, sis. to Pickle, by Emilius	0
Ld. Chesterfield's bay, by Emilius, out of Katherina	0
Mr. Cooke's ches. *Tertia*, by Emilius—Miss Wentworth	0
Lord Albermarle's brown, by Velocipede, out of Lunatic	0

7 to 4 against Destiny, and 4 to 1 against any other.

Toga led at a slapping pace, closely followed by Destiny, by a neck. Zenana third.

Match for 50 sovs each. Last half of Ab. M.

Mr. Kent's b. c. *Swallow*, by Camel, out of Will Scarlet's dam, by Fyldener, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb. (Pavis.)	1
Lord Chesterfield's b. c. *Ginnums*, by Sultan, 3 yrs. 8st. 5lb	2

6 to 5 on Swallow. Won easy.

King's Plate of 100gs. four yrs. olds, 9st. 8lb. five, 10st. 8lb. six and aged, 11st. R. C.

Mr. Forth's by m. *Famine*, by Humphrey Clinker, out of Steam, by Waxy Pope, 5 yrs. old, (owner)	1
Ld. Berner's b. c. by Lamplighter—Spinning Jenny, 4 yrs.	2
Mr. Ridsdale's ch. ch. Coriolanus, by Emilius, 4 yrs. old	3
Mr. Harvey's h. Phantom Minor, by Phantom, out of Elizabeth, by Rainbow, 5 yrs. old	4

5 to 4 agst Famine, 7 to 4 agst Lord Berner's colt, and 3 to 1 agst Coriolanus.

Sweepstakes of 300 sovs. each, 100 ft. for 4 yr. old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb. B. C. (10 subscribers.)

Mr. Ridsdale's gr. c. *Luck's-all*, by Tramp, out of Flora, sister to Oiseau, by Camillus, (Scott)	1
Lord Exeter's ch. c. *Aurelius*, brother to Augustus	3

5 to 4 on Aurelius. Luck's-all took the lead was never headed, and won in a canter by ten lengths.

The Ladies' Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for 3 yrs. old fillies, 8st. 4lb. each. D. M. (4 subscribers.)

Col. Peel's grey, *Zenana*, by Sultan	walked over.
Ld. Chesterfield's ches. by Zinganee, out of Octaviana.	withdrew his stake.

FRIDAY. Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each; 3 yrs., 7st.; four, 8st. 6lb.; five and upwards. 9st. D. M. The winner to be sold for 100*l*., &c.

Mr. Kidsdale's *Vandenhoff*, 3 yrs	1
Mr. Sowerby's *Shamrock*, 3yrs.	2
Mr. Greville's *Jacket*, 3 yrs.	3
Lord Chesterfield's *Valiant*, 5 yrs.	4
Col. Peel's *Calanthe*, 3 yrs.	5

The Newmarket Stakes, of 50 sovs. each, h. f., colts 8st. 7lb., and fillies 8st. 2lb. D. M. (23 subs.)

Lord Exeter's *Muezzin*	1
Mr. Batson's *Taishteer*	2
Mr. E. Peel's *Post Haste*	3
Lord Chesterfield's c. by Zinganee, out of Babel	4
Sir M. Wood's *Tournament*	5

Handicap of 18 sovs. each. T. Y. C.

Lord Chesterfield's ns. *Alfred*, 3 yrs. 6st. 7lb.	1
Duke of Portland's *Skim Milk*	2
Col. Peel's *Partner*, 3 yrs., 6st. 7lb.	3

Mr. Payne's *Luminary*, 4 yrs., 8st. 11lb	4
Mr. Kent's *Genappe* 3 yrs., 6st. 2lb	5

Two-yr. old Stakes of 10 sovs. each. Colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb. T. Y. C. (6 subscribers.)

General Yates's *Grand Cairo*	1
Mr. Stephenson's *Fanchon*, by Lapdog—Scuffle	2
Mr. Ridsdale's *Venilia*	3
Mr. W. Edward's *Princess Augusta*	4
Mr. Greville's *Epaulette*	5
Mr. Marson's c. by Gustavus—Emma	6

Phœnix Park (Dublin) Garrison races took place last week; the sport was middling. The Earl and Countess of Mulgrave were on the field.

You should know the four golden rules of English sportsman.—Fear God, honor the King, love your neighbor, and *preserve your foxes!*

Lord Egremont has sold his *Gaberlunzie* for $5000. The horse is to go to Germany. Gaberlunzie is by Wanderer, dam by Selim, out of Maiden, by St Peter.

Steeple chases have become fashionable in France. Unless you have seen this break-neck running you would have no adequate idea of its danger and excitement. 'Tis daring makes the enjoyment!

Mr. Hicks of Worcester, owner of *Saracen*, (sire of Alumnus) has refused $4000 for him, offered by an *American* gentleman.

Osbaldeston, "the Squire," as he is called, was a party concerned in the scandalous affair (of which a former letter detailed all the facts) in which Ruthven, M. P. for Kildare county, passed off as young, *old* horses, and thus won several races. Lord George Bentinck, the Duke of Portland'e son, is pretty deep in the turf, and when he met "the Squire" at the Newmarket meeting (the first) charged him distinctly, with having been a party to Ruthven's trick, by which he, (Lord G.) lost, and "the Squire" won, a large sum of money. Osbaldeston at once said, "*My Lord, we must have a shot; but, if you please, we'll see the races out first, as if either of us fall, we may cheat ourselves or others out of the bets.*" This was agreed to, and the hostile meeting did not take place until Thursday near London, when the parties exchanged shots. The seconds interfered, and the principals walked off without explanation. It is supposed that Osbaldeston was *not* aware of Ruthven's tricks; he should, however, return the cash he won by them.

OPENING OF THE SEASON.

The various Aquatic clubs have sounded the "note of preparation," and the season of 1836 may be now considered to have commenced. Yachters and rowers throughout the three kingdoms are on the QUI VIVE, and the same emulative spirit evinced in preceding seasons characterises the commencement of the present. The national utility of such sports, but more especially that of yachting, is so generally known among our nobility and gentry as to require but little remark from us to promote its encouragement. Its beneficial effects are every day more apparent; it not only promotes health, but as a celebrated writer justly observes, "it is an amusement of the greatest importance to the conntry, as it has much improved our ship building and our ship fitting, while it affords employment to our seamen and our shipwrights." Numerous other advantages to the country arise from the pursuit of this exhilarating sport, and as the same writer remarks, "it has been wisely fostered by our Sovereigns, who have felt that the security of the kingdom is increased by every man being more or less a sailor, or connected with the nautical profession." The present Royal family, however, have perhaps done more to encourage yacht sailing and other aquatic sports than any of their predecessors. His majesty, when Duke of Clarence, extended his patronage to the then comparatively insiguificant, but now highly prosperous and distinguished Royal Thames Yacht Club, and he was graciously pleased on ascending the Throne to continue their patron. Since then he has held out inducements to awaken an emulative spirit, and the building of yachts of superior speed, by authorising cups and other prizes to be forwarded to the various ports to be sailed for. The Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria, and many other distinguished personages, have followed the example of his majesty, and the consequence has been, that of all the amusements entered into by the nobility and gentry there is none at the present time ranks higher, or is more patriotic or national than yacht sailing.

Bell's Life in London, 10th April.

PEDESTRIANISM.—The race between Wylde, of Haywood, and Briggs, of Unsworth, was decided over the Knutsford Course on Monday last, and brought together a greater number of spectators than has been known to assemble on such an occasion for many years. Wylde took the lead at starting, and was headed when he had gone about six hundred yards. A very pretty race then ensued to the three quarters, when Wylde gradually stole away from him, and won the race rather easily by about twenty yards. The winner performed the distance, which is one mile and eight yards, in five minutes and two seconds.

RUNNING MATCH.—On Wednesday, a wager of ten sovereigns was decided in the Battersea Inclosure, Mr. Thompson laying Mr. Crook the above sum that he would not, with Mr. Taylor on his back, run fifty yards while he (Mr. Thompson) ran a hundred. They started at the firing of a gun, Mr. Day being named umpire for both. Owing to the slippery state of the ground, they both fell; they then started again, and Mr. Crook won by about three yards.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—At the Inclosure, Battersea, the ground was respectably attended on Wednesday, to witness the three matches between Messrs. Crook and Thompson, for ten sovereigns each match, the first at twenty-five yards, Mr. Crook shooting at ten birds, and having two dead ones given him, and his opponent at twelve; Mr. Crook was the winner by two. The next was Mr. Thompson shooting at thirty yards, and Mr. Crook at twenty-five, twelve birds each. At the end of the third round, Mr. Thompson was the favorite at five to four being two a-head; but he eventually lost by a bird. The last match was each shooting at nine birds, twenty-five yards' rise. At the fifth round, Mr. Thompson was one ahead; at the seventh shot they were even. Mr. Crook won by killing both his next birds. A sweepstakes, seven birds each, twenty five yards' distance, with the five traps (charge of shot limited to two ounces,) with single guns, five sovereigns subscription, then took place between Messrs. Taylor, Groom, Thompson, and Bloodworth; Mr. Taylor, who made some surprising long shots, was the winner, by killing all his birds. Messrs. Dornton and Davis shot at five birds, with one trap, for five pounds a-side and the birds, Mr. Dornton shooting at twenty-three yards, and his opponent at twenty. Mr. Dornton being an excellent shot, was the favorite. At the third round they were even; the favorite was the winner by a bird.

CHALLENGE.—Mr. Woodcoock, of Sheffield, having heard that Mr. Wm. Day, of Ashton under-Line, would make a match at pigeon shooting with him for any sum, Mr. Woodcock has only to say that he is ready to make a match for 50*l*, 25 birds each, 21 yards rise, 2 oz. charge. And likewise another match at double shooting, 12 double shots, 10 yards rise, for 50*l*. To come off the day after the first match. Both matches to come off at Hyde Park, Sheffield. And in return, he will meet Mr. Day at any ground that he may appoint, and repeat the above matches upon the same terms. To come off a fortnight after the two first matches.

A main of twenty-six cocks was fought in the Manchester and Salford Pit on Monday and Tuesday last, for 50*l*, between Smith, of Failsworth, and Marland, of Oldham, which was won by Smith, who gained sixteen battles, Marland ten. The pit was thronged both days.

CANINE FANCY.—The Manchester dog Chicken can be matched for 10*l*, 20*l*, or 50*l*, against the Oldham dog Belcher. The "requisite" is ready at the Bank of England, Pollard-street, Manchester, or the Sun Inn, Failsworth. Neither dog to exceed 54lb. "Make the match, or sell the dog," says Joe Firth.

One of the most spirited fights ever seen in Lancashire took place on Monday last, between the Denton dog Smasher and the Hooly-hill dog Nelson, for £5 a side, near the Sunfield House, between Denton and Manchester. The fight lasted 1 hour and 57 minutes, and the punishment was very severe on both sides. When Nelson was brought up to the scratch for the third time it was "no go," and his backer was obliged to say "enough" for him. Smasher has again proved himself a good dog and an out-and-out fighter, and contrary to the expectations of a few, who call him a "soft dog," he is hard enough for one of what is called the hardest dogs that ever was bred. Betting was guineas to pounds, and 5 and 6 to 4 very freely offered on Nelson before and during the greater part of the fight. In six months from this Smasher will be open to fight any 36lbs. dog in England; but wishes "to put a half-penny on with a first rate toss" in Manchester first, from £10 to £20 a side.

THE LAST WILL OF A DOG-FANCIER.—On Saturday week the will of the late William, alias Bill Hemmings, the well-known dog-fancier, was proved at Docters' Commons, and his personal property was sworn to be under £1,800. The deceased was, it appears, celebrated not only for his judgment in the breed of dogs and their power of fighting, but also for his skill in handling them in the pit; and his opinion in these matters was as much sought after by the knowing ones, before they laid their money, as that of a certain Member of Parliament by the gentlemen of the turf. It appears, however, that in the pit, as well as in the ring and on the turf, the most knowing ones are sometimes taken in. This was the case with the deceased, who had "dropped" a pretty round sum on a battle that had been fought at Greenwich in autumn last, which he always pronounced a regular cross, his dog, which was the favorite, having been drugged before the battle. This circumstance tended much, it is thought, to hasten his end. His will was proved by a female, who has lived with the deceased for some years, to whom he has left the property, though he had at the the time of his death, a wife and family living.

PONY TROTTING MATCH.—A trotting-match took place on Thursday week, between Rossington bridge and Bennithorpe, near Doncaster, between Mr. J. Hutchinson's Red Rover, 6 years 10st 6lb, and Mr. W. Taylor's Jerry, aged, 9st 3lb. The conditions were—to trot eight miles, turn round, and gallop one mile. Red Rover won easily by 100 yards: it was performed in 43 mimutes.

THE GREAT TROTTING MATCH.—ONE HUNDRED MILES IN TEN HOURS IN HARNESS.—This match is fixed to come off on Wednesday, April 27, within fifty miles of London. The match is made at £200 to £100 against the mare performing the distance in the ten hours, and 100*l* even that the distance is done in ten hours and a half. The whole of the stakes will be made good, the place named, and the hour fixed for starting, on Wednesday evening, the 20th inst., at Mr. T. Watson's, Castle Tavern, Moorgate. It is the same mare which was matched to perform the same distance in ten hours and a half, over Sunbury Common, some time back; a task which she accomplished at the time, although considerably distressed at the conclusion. Doubts were started at the time as to the bona fide character of the undertaking, which will now be set at rest.

CHALLENGE FOR HALF-BRED HORSES.—A gentleman of Monmouthshire offers to back five half-bred horses, by Astbury, against any five half-bred horses, by being the produce of any one horse; weight for age; each horse to be matched for 50*l*, and 100*l* the main.

A match was run on Saturday week, at Melton Mowbray, between Lord Macdonald's The Nun (Lord Wilton) and Mr. Coke's Flacrow (Mr. White) for 300 each, one mile, and won by the former.

RACE-HORSES.—English race-horses run at the rate of from fifty-five to fifty-eight miles an hour or a single mile in sixty-three seconds. Stage-coaches, with their draught, often run eleven, or twelve miles an hour. In a passion for swift travelling, George the third always went on journeys fourteen or fifteen miles; and his son, the Duke of York, used to urge post horses sixteen.

FROM OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT.

WASHINGTON, Saturday, May 14, 1836.

Our City for this week, which is now happily brought to a conclusion, has been one scene of bustle, animation and *gaieté*. Pleasure has entirely superseded business, and what with Theatres, Circusses, Race Balls, Races, and Cockfights, not to speak of their usual accomplishments, roulette, faro, sparkling champagne, aching heads and empty pockets, our citizens have had the enjoyment of a scene, that in fun and frivolity can only be surpassed by the far-famed carnival at Naples. The Race Ball was one of the most magnificent things that the world (*i. e.* of Washington) had ever witnessed. Extraordinary preparations had been made for weeks before. Milliners from Paris, tailors from Bond street, and mantua-makers from the Lord knows where, had been called into requisition. I am not artist enough to describe the "tout ensemble," and unless some better historian start up, the blond lace dress of Miss C., the silver tissue of Miss P., and the magnificent whiskers of Mr. V., shall not be handed down to posterity, "but like the baseless fabric of a vision leave not a wreck behind." I am told that in the North your ladies do not patronise the Race field; here they find no metal more attractive, and if Oliver continues to devote the same attention to the preservation of order, to the excellence of his arrangements, and to the great attraction which he holds out to visitors, he will require to build a new stand, for those now in use were filled to excess, and if it were not that the principal tenants were ladies I should say to discomfort. The Racing was as fine as any that ever was over this course even in its palmiest days. I will not attempt to describe to you what I suppose your valuable correspondent N. is so much more capable of doing, and what I suppose he has already done. The Theatre was nightly filled, as, of course, was to be expected from such a concourse of strangers. Balls and Abbot were the fortunate stars, and I assure you gave the greatest satisfaction to audiences fully capable of appreciating their very fine acting. Murphy's fine Comedy "All in the Wrong" which has been almost banished from the stage for want of competent actors was here revived, and met with such success as to cause repetition of it. The piece could not have been better cast in any theatre in the county. Abbot's elegant acting was exactly suited to the part of Sir John Restless. Beverly, the lively sprightly Beverly was represented by the rattling "effervescing" Balls, Lady Restless, Mrs. Hughes, Belinda by Mrs. Rogers. Mrs. R. is a lady that you New Yorkers have yet to make acquaintance with. She possesses a countenance of singular sweetness and expression, a voice plaintive and tender, and a judgment that would qualify any actress of equal pretensions to set up at once for a star;

——"When she speaks, what elocution flows
Soft as the fleeces of descending snows—
The copious accents fall with easy art
Melting they fall and sink into the heart—
Wondering we hear."

The Theatre closed here on Saturday, 14th May, after a season which I fear was not prosperous to the managers. They were themselves to blame in a great measure, for the company was deficient in many points. For the greater part of the season, the line of old men was filled by Mr. Rogers and Mr. Knight alternately—the one the tragedian, the other the low comedian of the theatre. Again there was no leading tragedian, for Mr. Rogers, although clever in what actors call "hoary fathers," and in point of general utility capable of disputing the palm with any other actor on the Continent; yet when put into parts like Pierre, and some others I could name, evidently acted with the feeling that he was "weighed in the balance and found wanting." The task would be invidious to point ont the deficiences of a company after the close of the season. Every defect of that kind will be remedied next season, and for which great preparations are making. All parties accord unlimited praise to Mr. Ward, the industrious and capable stage manager, whose entire devotion to his duties, gentlemanlike demeanor, both in public and private, and whose moral and social qualities have quite captivated his fellow citizens. He may indeed say it, and have some pride in doing so, that in a city decidedly so untheatrical, he has made all classes his friends, and not a single person his enemy.

Buckley's Circus has been making a little fortune here during the race week; indeed he deserves it, for his company is complete at all points, and he is able to give a greater variety to his entertainments, than any other equestrian manager now travelling. He has a Mr. Sweet who performs prodigies on the tight rope; not so gracefully as Herr Cline, but certainly next in rank; Richards for hornpipes and comic songs; Decamp for feats of strength, and a host of names all great in their own way—turning somersets without number, flip flaps and trampling, Lions' Leaps over Grenadiers with fixed bayonets, and feats enough to "curdle up the blood and make each particular hair to stand on end."

FROM OUR BALTIMORE CORRESPONDENT.

Our Theatre, which had been closed for some months, re-opened on Monday, the 1st of May, with an excellent company under the management of Mr. Ward, who conducts the establishment for Messrs. Maywood & Co., who have the Baltimore and Washington theatres, in conjunction with the two principal theatres in Philadelphia. Mr. Ward is an established favorite of ours, having in a very satisfactory manner conducted the Holliday St Theatre last season. The stars with which they opened, (and nobody goes to a theatre in Baltimore when there is no star,) were Messrs. Abbott and Balls. With the former gentlemen and his merits our playgoers were already familiar; but this is the first visit the latter gentleman has paid us, and we have no hesitation in saying that, judging from his great success, it will not be the last. We have seen no comedian like him—so whimsical, so mercurial, so much in earnest, so ridiculously laughable, and to crown all so gentlemanlike. The play selected for the opening was Shakspeare's Romeo and Juliet—an unfortunate selection as it displayed the company to poor advantage. Romeo, Abbott; Mercutio, Balls; Juliet, Mrs. Hughes, a part which this lady is quite incapable of sustaining, and which, we are sure, her own good sense would point out to her the disadvantage of attempting. But Managers are hard task masters, and we presume that they require to rule their subjects with an iron rod.

On Tuesday night, Murphy's Comedy of "All in the Wrong;" Sir John Restless, Abbot; Beverly, Balls; Lady Restless, Mrs. Hughes; Belinda, Mrs. Rogers. With the above splendid distribution of the leading characters, I need not say that the comedy was most successful, and received with enthusiasm by an audience that filled the house to overflowing. It is something new to see full houses in Baltimore, which is decidedly the worst theatrical city in the Union. With a splendid little theatre that has always been graced with good companies, there has been a constant change of managers, who have all had reason to regret that they ever undertook a task, at once as thankless as it has proved unprofitable. Rumor says that Maywood & Co. wished to resign their lease, but the stockholders knew when they had good tenants and held them to it. We are glad to see among the company so many old established favorites, among whom we may mention Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Lewellen, Mr. and Mrs. Knight, Messrs. Weston, Eberle, Senior and Taylor. On Wednesday we had the famous comedy of "Laugh when you can," in which Balls added to the reputation that is hourly increasing. Again the house was full, and we were happy to see that the lower tier of boxes contained much of the beauty and fashon of the city. One thing is to be said that this is the race week, and that has brought many strangers to the city. Our races were decidedly popular, for like Greece of old Maryland is

"Much famed for generous steeds, for beauty more."

But, independently of that circumstance, I think that the taste for a well conducted theatre is gaining ground in Baltimore, for it has been a name and a reproach to us throughout the whole winter, that we have not been able to support any place of amusement, that would prove a relaxation to us after the more serious labours of the day. By the by has Mrs. Rogers ever played in your city of New York, or is the knowledge of her talent and merit confined to this section of the country? She is one of the cleverest little actresses that we have ever had here, and by her devotion to her profession, has become a great favorite; she is equally at home in tragedy or comedy, and possesses in addition to a cultivated mind, a form faultless, a countenance beautiful and expressive, a voice well modulated and melifluous—recommendations that are not always united in one individual. Mr. Rogers may be called a useful actor rather than a great one; he is equally at home in Stukely or Charles Surface—in Othello or Mad Tom—in Dr. Truckle or Sir Peter Teazle. He makes no great pretensions, but plays all well, not in the way that actors commonly do, who profess to undertake this great variety of business, merely learning the words and putting on the dress but he really does make a character of every thing he undertakes, and supplies in our theatre the place of three or four persons. Mr. and Mrs. Knight I presume you know. The former a low comedian of more than common merit, especially in the parts that more particularly belong to the regular drama, or those in which his father excelled. We instance him in "Wild Oats." Mrs. Knight undertakes the Soubrettes, for which we think she is deficient in whim, and hardly sufficiently lively and bustling. Her forte decidedly is in the better class of walking and singing ladies, where her gentility of manner and lady like deportment are shown to great advantage. Mr. and Mrs. Lewellin are favorites by their unpretending merit, their devotion to their profession, attention to costume, and she numberless little acts that soon attach the audience to the actor. Messrs. Weston and Senior play those interesting young gentlemen who wear white pantaloons and blue coats, and who spoil the interest of every play and farce by being decidedly amiable and very much in love, either with the heroine or her confidential friend, and who, without auy particnlar merit on their own part, save and except a precious deal of talk about their own professions, conclude the drama by forming the picture and kissing the fair lady's hand, with a rapture in which the audience do not sympathise. Miss Armstrong from the Chesnut Street theatre plays all the old ladies in a manner much more than repsectable.

The "Lion of the North," John Reeve, is expected here next week. We have heard so much of him, and so many different opinions expressed, that we are all on the tip-toe of expectation about him. In fact I may say without hesitation, that we have made up our minds that he is to be a favorite, and if he becomes a fashion as I have no doubt he will, if we are to trust to the shadow that coming events cast, our house will be found too small to hold both him and his auditors.

Celeste succeeds him for twelve nights (so 'tis reported,) and then the theatre closes, for I do not know any other attraction in the country that we have not had, unless it be Burton, and for his appearance our whole population is on the "qui vive."

THE DRAMA'S FALL.

"Gentles, the drama's o'er"—so WARDE declar'd;
I heard the words, and, by my faith, I star'd
And ask'd myself "who this vile deed hath done?"
MACREADY, FARREN, ELLEN TREE, or BUNN?
Are actors, authors, all for paltry pelf,
Laid side by side, to moulder on the shelf?
Is mighty SHAKSPEARE oundled in a cupboard,
For balderdash like this, and "Mother Hubbard"?
Are OTWAY, DRYDEN, and their glorious race,
Abandon'd for such trash as "*Chevy Chase*"?
Buffoons and fools seem all at once let loose:
MACREADY now gives way to "*Mother Goose*;"
And ELLEN TREE, whose tragic mien appals,
Is seen no more within old Drury's walls:
While faultless FARREN, Nature's favourite son,
Is pushed aside, with Comedy—by BUNN!
Well may we now the public taste deplore,
And say, with WARDE, indeed "the drama's o'er."
First, we have dancers twirling on their toes,
To please the worn-out taste of worn-out beaux;
Who, "giving all they can," though bad at best,
Leave these old wither'd fools to "dream the rest!"
Next, Merry-Andrew tricks are all the rage,
And tumbling foreigners usurp the stage;
Then posture-masters, from the Lord knows where,
Are made the manager's peculiar care;
While names that die are all forgot,
For Punch, and voltigeurs, and God knows what.
"Gentles, the drama's o'er"—the gilded few
Who now survive can scarce its charms renew;
Or wake to life again the wizard spell,
For BUNN has toll'd the drama's funeral knell!
Leave him alone his reckless course to run,
And rue, too late, the mischief he has done:
Let him go on, no matter what betide,
Without a hand his shattered bark to guide;
Without a soul his ruin to deplore,
He'll "fall, like LUCIFER, to rise no more."

London Satirist.

SECOND MARRIAGE OF THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.—The Prince Royal arrived in Lisbon on the 8th, and the marriage with the young Queen was celebrated on the 9th instant with considerable splendor. The reception of the future partner of the throne of Portugal is said to have been very enthusiastic. He had been expected on the 4th.—"On that day," observes the correspondent of the Morning Herald, "Donna Maria the Second attained her 17th year, and certainly nature seldom has given so much of its flesh and blood to a person of that age. It was the first time my eyes took in the whole of her dimensions; and, in common with these about me, I could not help being pleased with the fine open expression of her countenance, light blue eye, and Braganza volume of mouth and chin, and that ample bust and full person, and being delighted with the good nature beaming in every feature, which would appear to be the cause as well as the effect of her good health and great proportions." The same writer describes the scene of the young Prince's first approach to his consort in these terms: "The people received him well, and took of their hats, and as he passed by them he repeatedly bowed to them, touching his hat, and appearing inclined often to take it off in return for their civility. Sometimes his anxious laughing blue eye contradicted the would-be gravity of his countenance. The fair hair escaped in curls under his hat, and the brightness of his complexion, and the slightness of his figure, made him look even younger than he really is; and he seemed to me, as he walked through the line of swarthy Portuguese, with premature seriousness on his brow, like a schoolboy playing a part in private theatricals, and doing majesty and dignity. He passed along the street, where the people were in crowds to receive him, to the palace of the Necessidades, almost at the other end of the town. The Queen waited in the balcony of the palace, whence she could see the steamer as it came up, and witness all the honors paid to her young husband; and when the cannon announced that he had touched the land, her eyes were anxiously turned in the direction he was to come. At length the cheers of the people announced his close approach, and she, like a young creature as she is, stooped down to get a good peep at him through the iron bars of the balcony, saluting him eagerly with her fan and her hand, while he took off his hat and returned with gallantry her impatient and warm welcome. He then left the carriage, while she ran in from the window, and the husband and wife met for the first time. What their mutual feelings were heaven alone aen tell. She saw before her a fine, manly youth, such as even the romance of a girlish heart could desire, while he beheld as young, and as fair, and as good natured a countenance as his soul could wish for, with perhaps a little more of flesh and blood than he was led to expect or that his fancy would immagine. Still she was a Queen, and Portugal was her dower; and though fat and fair, she was not 40, but 17, and the eyes of a lad of 19 is not very critical."

"Why, Garth," asked Colonel Standen, "does your mother not own you?" "Because," replied the child of nature, "she has *found* out that she would be *lost* if she did."

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 4, 1836.

SECOND SPRING MEETING, UNION COURSE.

Meeting of the Club.

A meeting of the New York Jockey Club convened at the City Hotel on Saturday last for the transaction of business. The period for which the old Club was formed, having expired, it was deemed advisable at the formation of the new one, that several material alterations should be introduced into its regulations. Various suggestions were offered by the different turfmen present, and after considerable discussion of the New Rules proposed at the 1st Spring Meeting they were with slight modifications adopted.

The meeting then adjourned to discuss pleasanter themes in the dining room, where the table fairly groaned under the delicacies of the season heaped upon it. CRUTTENDEN's *chef de cuisine* had outdone himself, and the collection of "choice *spirits of the time*" that "touched knees under the mahogany" left nothing to be desired. The rare old wine, from the hill sides of Tuscany and sunny France and the banks of the bounding Rhine, was only equalled by the wit and humor and conviviality of the occasion. The song, the toast and the enlivening story succeeded each other in quick succession, and as the circling glass went round, full bumpers were pledged to the rival champions of the South and North, and "heeltaps" discolored no goblets quaffed "to the Sports of the Turf."

In the course of the evening, COMMODORE RIDGELEY, the President of the Club, had the pleasure of announcing His Excellency, GOV. MARCY, who with COL. CROWELL, of Ala. and other distinguished guests, imparted new zest to the festivities of the occasion. The company were "entered" for dinner at 5 o'clock, and when "time was called" at ten, after a "second heat," none had "withdrawn" or "paid forfeit." Turfmen from abroad who had arrived in town were at once "named at the post," and with "strangers" were "taken in." Wit and Mirth were the presiding deities of the evening, and the spirit and chivalry of the South found a reciprocation in the gallantry and cordial good feeling of the North. At a late hour the company retired, after a meeting that will long be remembered for the sociality and humor of which it was the occasion, in the hope of assembling at some future day under auspices alike joyous and pleasurable.

The Weather.

The sun got up wrong end foremost on Tuesday, and concluded not to see company for the day. We had hardly a glimpse of him during the morning, and before night he made himself scarce. The continued cold weather and rain for several days previous, had evidently put him out of humor—or in other words, had "taken the shine out of him." The "winter of our discontent was *not* made glorious summer by the *sun* of [*New-*] York," and as for the "clouds" spoken of by Richard, they looked as much like raining tears thereat as we felt. And it would have rained but that the clouds had "cried their eyes out." Old Boreas chilled us with sudden gusts, like Jack Frost blowing his nose between two icicles. The track was very heavy, with no more elasticity than a sand-bar, it having become thoroughly saturated. However, owing to a strong north-easter, the dust from being drunk with "heavy wet," was by 1 o'clock in "high spirits."

The Road.

Bright and early on the morning of *the* great day, the humbler order of "the cognoscenti" were on the move from Gotham and the regions roundabout, for the Union Course. To be sure, they *might* have gone down by the railroad, but then "marketing is so very high," and they wanted "to sport" their "bit of tin" on the race. If they lost, couldn't they walk home ?—and if lucky, couldn't they ride in an *omnibuster*, and no mistake? As to "tipping" their "swag" for a ride or any thing but on their favorite 'oss, you might have seen from the shake of their "knowledge boxes," it was "no go." The roads radiating from the Course were all alive with pedestrians before our pampered cits had got a receipt from Somnus for a night's sleep. As the day advanced, the appearance of early "respectables" and "sprigs of aristocracy," gave additional animation to the road. By 10 o'clock, the rush to the Ferries, the great arteries of New-York, was immense, and before 11, the roads from Brooklyn to the Course, displayed a living panorama of miles in extent.

The Turn Outs.

You should have stood in *Raynor's* piazza, [the Half-Way-House], and seen the merry crew drive up or pass. It takes all sorts of people to make a world, they say, but all the World and his wife were here. Up came a whip tooling a pair of bob-tail bays—thorough-bred both—before a slight wagon; you might see with half an eye he was a dasher, and the very fellow to put 'em along.—Then would thunder up a lumbering omnibus, perhaps, with sixteen inside and as many more on the steps and roof, and all rife with fun and full of gin and sugar. There *is* a drag for ye!—a German landau, with a pair of spanking dapple-grays before it, full of life and fire, while the young one, hold of "the ribbons," looks as if scarcely able to restrain his prime "goers." Here comes a "fast crab" in a match cart, that will lay you 10 to 1 he cuts off a mile in 2:40, and he never trotted a match in his life. A bang-up four horsed barouche now drives past at a slapping pace. It carries the pride of the town—that is, "the pride of the women of the town"—and they must be high bred cattle that can give their team the "go-by." Here is a sporting affair—driven by nothing less than Brower's "swell dragsman." See him push along his four good ones at a stride of eighteen miles an hour. He's given many a cold sweat to "the green horns" on the road coming from Brooklyn, by dashing past the fastest, and giving their wheels a feather-edge with his brischtka. His cattle, his vehicle, his turn out altogether, is slap-up to the echo—that is, slap-up again. Who can *that* be, driving a dun horse in a black stanhope? Look at his white kids and the knowing leer of his eye. Once a *dun* might have driven him—now, he drives his *dun*. He has heard a thing or two, and is anxious to get odds against Bascomb. You will see the ostlers tip their hats to him, and a dozen stable boys jump to hold his horse as he pulls up at the door. These boys pick up odd snatches of wit and knowledge of the world as they do shillings—"by the way-side." They "know where they sleep," and can tell their customers, and a private turn out from a livery stable affair at a glance.

The six-penny bone-setters, Flatbush wagons, and Communipaw clam-boxes, we shall not attempt to describe, while the "troubadour of the Corporation Dirt-carts" can at pleasure give us a "charcoal sketch," rivalling Hogarth in the graphic fidelity of the picture. All these, with the dozens of carriages of every variety of shape, color, and appointment, to say nothing of troops of equestrians and merry toddlers, we resign to his use and behoof, while we hasten to the Course.

Appearance of the Field.

What a picture for a sportsman! The public stand is crowded "chuck up"—the Club stand ditto, and the Ladies' Pavillion is "redolent," as John Neal would *not* say, with peerless beauty. And then the inclosed space in front is filled with Turfmen, Breeders and Amateurs. The Army and Navy both have their representative , while strangers from the uttermost parts of the earth, are congregated with Honorables, Generals, Colonels, Esquires, and plain *Misters* from every State in the Union. Look at the field!—skirted not only, but filled with carriages and horses, while the roofs of the former, the fences, trees, and every elevated point is thronged by the anxious multitude. Not less than twenty thousand spectators are on the ground.

The Betting.

We hazarded the opinion three weeks since that the odds from being 3 to 1 on *Post Boy*, would decline before the start to *even*. They did so. The Southern gentlemen arrived in town in great numbers between Saturday and the day of the race, under the impression that they could get 2 to 1 on *Post Boy*, and having undoubted confidence in their horse, they came prepared to back him to any amount. Up to Monday night the current price was 5 to 4 on *Post Boy*, a rumor having got abroad that *Irenette* would be named at the post in lieu of *Bascomb*. The southern men of course were shy. On Tuesday morning however, finding that B. would certainly start, the Southerners were so anxious to lay out their money on him as to give him the call at trifling odds. So far from *Post Boy's* being the favorite, as stated in the Courier and Enquirer, the backers of the Southern horse could not be met after they offered odds. They were trying every where and so fierce were they to get an offer, as to make *Post Boy's* friends hesitate in backing their opinion. A southern gentleman well known upon the turf assured us that having waited until Tuesday morning in the expectation that increased odds might be offered on the northern horse he found it impossible to lay out more than $5000 on *Bascomb* though he was exceedingly desirous of backing him to the amount of $20,000.

The Horses.

Both were in fine racing condition, though connoisseurs thought *Post Boy* might have been drawn a shade finer to advantage, for severe work. *Tawny Sam*, his trainer, probably had an eye to the weather which latterly had been extremely cold and might continue so, otherwise his pet had surely got another sweat or trial-strain. His horse nevertheless was somewhat stale; there was not that "cayenne and vinegar" about him, he usually evinces. Perhaps "coming events cast their shadows before," and his spirits were depressed. *John Bascomb* looked ripe for mischief, though named for a Methodist clergyman of Alabama His form is singular and looks rather adapted for speed than stoutness. He is every inch a racer, and as game a nag to the eye as ever cut out work for the fast ones. His color is a bright sorrel, with two white stocking feet; his frame light but well knit and his action superb. He moves with the grace and agility of a gazelle. "Proud and elate, with an eye of fire and dilated nostril breathing defiance," he was the very impersonation of the poet's beau ideal of the trained courser. But the bugle sounds and we must saddle and lead up.

The Race.

May 31, 1836. Post Match, THE NORTH *vs.* THE SOUTH, Four Mile heats, for $5000 a side, h. ft. The North to name at the post any horse raised north of Maryland, and the South in like manner any horse raised south of the Potomac.

COL. WM. R. JOHNSON, of Va. named (COL. JOHN CROWELL'S of Ala.)

S. h. JOHN BASCOMB, by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs old, 114 lbs.

ROBERT TILLOTSON, Esq. of New York, named

Ch. h. POST BOY, by Henry, out of Garland, 5 yrs old, 114 lbs.

First heat.—GILBERT PATRICK* on *Post Boy* had the pole while WILLIS on *Bascomb*, was placed by HAMMOND on the outer edge of the track to make a straight run for the lead. At the first attempt they got away on the tap of the drum in beautiful style, making play from the start. Willis knew his game and set to work at once by collaring *Post Boy*; at the gate he was a length in front and as they came upon the entrance of the back stretch *Bascomb* took the track and was never headed. As they swung round the turn *Post Boy* let out a link and the pace improved, though *Bascomb* still led his saddle girth. As they came up the straight side Willis shook his horse and widened the gap a length as they passed the stand.

The trick that was to do the business, was evident. *Bascomb* made play on each straight stretch and led so far as to give his antagonist no chance in rounding the semi-circles, where Willis, hugging the pole, held him up invariably, obliging *Post Boy* to make so wide a swerve in order to pass, that by the time the horses were neck and neck they had cleared the turn, when he would immediately take his place in front. If our friend of *The Times* will recollect himself a moment he will acknowledge his error in stating that "Post Boy rushed up on the straight side and Bascomb threw him off at the turns." The reverse was the case in every instance. Willis' riding evinced the utmost nicety of judgment as to the powers of the nonpareil he so gracefully betrode. He found that his horse had the foot of *Post Boy*, and the only fear was of his endurance. But he made his race safe by striding away at a tell tale pace around the back stretch, on the north bend of which he had reason to fear *Post Boy* might prove dangerous. "*That —— north corner*," said Hammond to us a fortnight since, "*that's the place where you always beat us—but you'll see!*" The 1st mile was run in 2:2; in the 2d, *Post Boy* having got limber and finding he had got an ugly customer, went at him in earnest and the pace grew very much better, as he locked him. With little change of position they ran thus the whole of the 2d mile [in 1:56.] Now Willis was to do or die. He knew that on the 4th mile, *Post Boy* would make *his brush* and he had heard of that before—it was "*a caution*," but the "*Methodist Priest*" under him was "*a sin to Crockett!*" *Post Boy* collared him as they passed the gate on the 3d mile, when Willis at once took a pull at his horse and holding him well together kept him at his work. The pace was killing—but "calm as a summer's morning" Willis was winning his race out of the fire. This mile, the 3d, was run in 1:54, and it gave *Bascomb* the race. *Post Boy* had lapped him all the way and the result was that when they reached "the —— north corner" he had not a run left, while Willis, who was going the pace without distress, drew a little upon his horse and finally won the heat in 7:49, with something to spare in hand, *Post Boy* pulling up within the distance pole and walking in.

Neither horse was distressed on coming in, though *Post Boy* appeared a little groggy at the finish. Those who had "put on the pot" against time—having laid 2 to 1 the first heat was not done within 7:50—looked rather queer at 7:49, which was "rather a fastish thing," carrying 114 lbs. over a heavy course. There had been a good deal of chaffing for a few days previous as to the *time* that would be made, and the "cock devil of the knowing ones" was of opinion (after having made an estimate of Bascomb's time at Augusta—7:44—carrying weight for a 4yr. old. 102lbs.) that "*Bascomb* could not do it much within *eight* minutes with 12 lbs. extra on his back."

The Odds. The Courier gives us to understand that after the 1st heat the *Post Boy* party were very "sweet" upon their horse "and offered trifling odds that he would win the succeeding heat." The writer misapprehended the spirit of the betting entirely. A broker from Wall stret on the ground held to our knowledge a stake of $500 to $400 that *Post Boy* was *distanced* the 2d heat. Bets against *Bascomb* were not to be had except *at long odds*, and very little was done at any price.

Just before the bugle sounded "the call,"—35m. being allowed here between 4 mile heats—a circumstance transpired that imparted a still more thrilling interest to this splendid race. The Chairman of the Judges announced from the stand that C. W. VAN RANST, Esq. the owner of the invincible Champion of the North. the famous AMERICAN ECLIPSE, would present as a meed of honor to the victor of the present contest, the *Saddle* worn by Eclipse in the first great strife between the Northern and Southern Horses, with his *Bridle*, *Rider's Cap*, *Jacket*, and *Spurs*—the glorious trophy to remain a perpetual prize for all similar trials of speed and bottom.

Second heat.—Both horses came up fresh for this heat—one of the finest ever ran over this course. *Post Boy's* place being outside, for a wonder, so tried Sam's patience that for a while it was "*mighty onsartin*," whether Sam intended to let him go at all, if he had not a little advantage in the start. The consequence was that *Bascomb* got away and ran out to the gate before he could be pulled up. At length the signal was heard and they bounded off like mountain deer, neck and neck, and went to the termination of the 1st mile [in 2m.,] without a decided effort on either side. After passing the stand *Post Boy* received a hint to increase his stride and Willis, wide awake, but cool, let go his horse a little by the head. The pace mended at once, *Bascomb* still leading by a throatlatch and Willis keeping him there. This mile and the 3d were both run in 1:56, the horses *locked all the way*, and so close together that the knees of their jockies were knocking against each other,—both, too, "going the pace" as the time shows, at a flight of speed. So beautiful and spirited a contest was never witnessed in America. On sweeping round the 1st curve of the last mile the gallant little fellow on *Post Boy* set-too in sporting style. He had long been finessing to get a pull at his horse, to "bottle him up" for a desperate *brush*. But Willis gave him no respite—he knew both horses "like a book" and his judgment of *pace* told him that to make the race "a safety" *Post Boy* must be allowed no "let up" to recover his wind. *Bascomb* was creeping ahead gradually as they got on to the back side, when but one chance remaining for *Post Boy*, "little Gill," seized upon it, determined to do or die. Catching his horse by the head the rowels were laid in up to the shank, claret was tapped, and his whip-hand at work. Under persuasions like these *Post Boy* drew out a head and neck in front, but *Bascomb* maintained his stride steadily as they went along the great sweep on the back side, the pace getting more and more severe as they neared the hill. Leaning forward as they came to "the dangerous corner," Willis grazed his glossy side with the spur, and the noble animal under him "justified his training" by instantly recovering his position, and they came down to the last turn at a slashing rate, running a dead lock the whole way. The pace now grew still more severe and the shout that went up from thousands as they dashed round upon the straight run home told of hopes and fears, how delightful to a Sportsman! Here *Post Boy* made his final struggle—heels and hands were busy with him—"little Gill" is a punisher and he did wonders—but the "go along" had been taken out of his horse by the *artiste* on *Bascomb*, who now clapped in both gaffs and gave him a push *a la Chifney*, that sent the phenomenon from Alabama past the winning post a clear length ahead, amidst the waving of hats and kerchiefs and enthusiastic cheers that made the welkin ring for miles around.

The following is the record of the time of each mile, taken from the *Timer* of the race as it was noted on the stand.

FIRST HEAT.					SECOND HEAT.				
1st mile,	2	minutes,	2	seconds,	1st mile,	2	minutes	00	seconds.
2d do.	1	do.	56	do.	2d do.	1	do.	56	do.
3d do.	1	do.	54	do.	3d do.	1	do.	56	do.
4th do.	1	do.	57	do.	4th do.	1	do.	59¼	do.
	7		49			7		51¼	

It should be remembered, to the honor of the winner, that this time was made over a heavy course, with a cold north-east wind blowing strong all the while—two facts essentially adverse to speed. Had the course been in perfect order, the time would have been better by 4 or 5 seconds.

The Prize of the Champion.

Well, THE SOUTH has beat us fairly and honestly, on our own ground. We give them joy of their victory. JOHN BASCOMB is worthy of his laurels, his title and descent. The saddle of Eclipse could not have fallen to one more deserving or better able to retain it. After Willis had come out of the scales, Mr. CHAS. HENRY HALL presented to him for *John Bascomb*, the saddle and other appointments of *Eclipse*, and the loud huzzas of the multitude that encircled the stand, evinced the universal sense of the good taste and felicity of the endowment. Let its glorious associations ne'er be sullied by those unworthy of the trust, but endure through all time the memento of never fading victories achieved by the *High Mettled Racer and his honest Rider*. It now goes from us. How long shall the South retain it?

Hammond and Willis.

In our admiration of the splendid style in which the race was won, let us not forget those who mainly contributed to that end. The South may boast of another Bascomb, but we shall look in vain for a trainer like M. L. HAMMOND, or a second Frank Buckle, in the person of WILLIS. The latter's riding was a general theme of praise: the grace with which he sat his horse, not less than the perfect coolness, judgment, and skill with which he managed him, would have done credit to Sam Chifney or Jem Robinson in their palmiest days.—Well has he won his honors—may he wear them long.

When it is considered that Bascomb has been in training since August last—that he has seen a deal of hard work, and travelled nearly a thousand miles from home, encountering many hardships and mishaps by flood and field, the fine racing order in which Hammond brought him upon the turf here, does him infinite credit. ARTHUR TAYLOR is "a 'great creature' in his line of life," and has long been deemed at the head of his profession; but he must be content to "bear a rival near the throne." Hammond's system of training is severe, and the million urge that he kills his horses by over work. We do not know how it is, but he contrives to beat the best horses in the country with his stable. Out of twenty races, in which Col. Crowell's horses have been named this year, he has won eighteen, winning for the old veteran, in purses and matches, the sum of Thirty Thousand Dollars. So far from breaking the spirit of his horses, as is pretended, we will cite Bascomb as an instance to the contrary—a stronger feature about him was not remarked when stripped, than his high spirit and game-cock look, and that too, afte career of service and travel unexampled in the annals of our turf.

The result of the match has only confirmed our opinion of Bascomb since we saw him taking his exercise on his first arrival at the North—the expression of which caused an infinite deal of mirth at our expense. We ventured to predict the first heat would be run under 7:50, and that Bascomb won the money. He did both—our pocket change has doubled twice, that's all, and the "knowing ones" who jeered us last Saturday, now laugh on the other side of their mouths. The fact was, Hammond knew his horse, thoroughly, and in his trials with *Ironette*, beat her "all to pieces." And what is rather singular he was candid enough to give his opinion of his horse unreservedly, which led many to believe that he was either "a —— queer, honest fellow" as he is, or he was "playing possum." He took great pleasure in exhibiting his horse to gentlemen and his trials were made without disguise. Just before the start, we reached the course, and the horses were then awaiting the signal "to saddle and lead up." Hammond espied us in the crowd, in which, by the way we are not so easily lost, and laying hold of us by the button, he whispered in our ear "a deed without a name" of Bascomb's. Something he said about "*doing it easy*," and "*Friend P. pile it up*," sent us off like a rocket. The way we "slid" to take the odds against *Bascomb*, spoken of in most of the city papers, but that we never heard offered nor any body else, was "our business."

Subsequent Bantering.

There yet exists a great excitement among those interested in the late race between the North and South, and we now and then hear the term "back out" applied to each party concerned, though we are far from believing such a term applicable to the friends of either horse. From such opportunities as we have enjoyed to gather correct information, we believe the following statement will not be found far from the actual facts of the case.

During the Club Dinner immediately after the splendid victory of *John Bascomb*, and while the minds of all were highly excited by the issue of the race, aided no doubt by a little pure juice of the grape, various banters were made by friends of *Post Boy* and as cheerfully responded to by the backers of *Bascomb*.

The friends of *Post Boy* seem to have understood that one of their banters was accepted by the friends of *Bascomb*; but by the particular request of the *owners* of Bascomb the friends of Post Boy consented to consider it as all talk and no race. Thus the matter rested for that day. Since then however these circumstances seem to have caused some unpleasant feelings, and the indulgence of some bitter remark both in and out of the city. Under these circumstances COL. CROWELL offers to run *Bascomb* with *Post Poy* for ANY AMOUNT *not less than* $10,000.

P. S. We speak advisedly when we say, that it never was the original intention of the owner of Bascomb to permit him to run with any horse but the one selected to contend with him in the match, whatever might be the issue of it, and so it was stated to us more than a fortnight since in our office.

THE SECOND RACE.—Immediately after the great match, came off a second for $500 aside, Mile heats, between

Capt. R. F. Stockton's gr. c. by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace, 3 yrs. old, 90 lbs. 1 1
Mr. Robt. L. Stevens' imp. f. *Caprice*, by Muley, 3 yrs old, 87 lbs. 2 2
Time 1st heat 1:57—2d 2:2. Won handily by the favorite.

SECOND DAY, WEDNESDAY.

Proprietor's Purse, $300, Two mile heats, free for all ages; 3 yrs. old carrying 90 lbs.; 4 yrs., 101—5 yrs., 114—6 yrs., 121—and aged, 126, with an allowance of 3 lbs. to m's. and g's.

1. Capt. R. F. Stockton's b. h. *Monmouth*, by John Richards out of Young Nettletop, 6 yrs. 1 1
2. Mr. John H. Coster's s. h *Ajax*, by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Duroc, 5 years.......... 4 2
3. Mr. James Bathgate's s. f. *Gipsey*, by Eclipse, out of Medoc's dam, 4 years.......... 3 3
4. Mr. I. S. Snedicor's b. m. *Itasca*, by Eclipse, out of Betsey Ransom, 5 years.......... 2 dist.
5. Mr. Wm. Gibbons' b. m. *Skylark*, by Eclipse, out of Sally Slouch, 5 years.......... dist.

Time—1st heat, 3:56; 2d, 3:48.

Monmouth was the favorite against the field, and won with ease. Course very heavy.

See *Griffin & Co.'s* advertisement of Chronometers, imported for *Timers of Races*, etc. Every Turfman should possess one; there's nothing like them in the market, and the Bascomb party have carried them half off already.

"OLD DOWTON" alluded to by one of our foreign correspondents has appeared. The Star thinks he'll do.

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*Some of our contemporaries have erroneously christened this game chicken "Kirkpatrick." He is known among his fellows by the "nickname" of *Gil. Patrick*.

RACES TO-DAY.

The race for the Proprietor's Purse, $500, *Three Mile Heats*, was postponed from Thursday until TO-DAY at 1 o'clock. The Entries are annexed:

1. John C. Stevens enters s. h. *Cadmus*, by Eclipse, out of Di Vernon, 5 yr. old.
2. R. L. Stevens enters b. h. imported *Flatterer*, by Muley, 5 years old.
3. I. S. Snedecor enters b. h. *Sydney*, by Sir Charles, dam by Ratler, 5 years old.
4. Thos. Pearsall enters gr. m. *The Jewess*, by Henry, 5 years old
5 Samuel Laird enters b. h. *Mingo*, by Eclipse, dam by Ratler, 5 years old.

The race for the Jockey Club Purse, $1000, *Four Mile Heats*, was also postponed from Friday and likewise comes off TO-DAY at 12 o'clock. Such a bill of fare for a single day has been seldom offered. The following are the Entries;

1st. Samuel Laird, names b. h. *Henry Archy*, by Henry, aged—126 lbs.
2d. William Gibbons, b. h. *Milo*, by Tonson, 6 years old—121 lbs.
3d. Robert Tillotson, ch. h. *Post Boy*, by Henry, 5 years old—114 lbs,
4th. John C. Stevens, ch. h. *Veto*, by Gohanna, 4 years old—104 lbs,
5th. Wm. R. Johnson, g. m. *Ironette*, by Contention, 7 years old—123 lbs.

From the character of the horses entered, great sport is expected. They are some of the most distinguished now on the turf, and already has the betting fever risen to a considerable height.

POSTSCRIPT.

FRIDAY NIGHT, 12 *o'clock*.

We have just left a meeting of the Cabinet—not the Kitchen Cabinet—where the entries for to-day were canvassed, and the speakers backed their opinions.—Strange to say, old *Henry Archy* is *a* favorite for the 4 mile purse, notwithstanding the grey mare, *Ironette*, and *Post Boy* start for it. The mud is about knee deep on the track, and his friends urge that he can fling it in the face of any thing a 2d and 3d heat. However, *Post Boy* is *the* favorite, and we intend to stake a basket of champaigne that we won by his losing the match on Tuesday, that he takes the purse to-day. *Ironette* is a dangerous customer, being in fine plight, and running as she will, with Willis on her back. Jim Jewell undertakes to bring *Veto* home in a style that will astonish the natives, and we shall not dispute that "Monsieur Tonson's come again," when we see *Milo* leading the field.

Mingo would have started for the 4 mile purse, but that being trained in a public stable, and the same, he had to give Henry Archy *his turn*, and so content himself with the 3 mile purse—if he could win it. *Cadmus* has a chance now to show that it was not *his* fault he did not carry off the honors of the Central, and we look to see *Flatterer* acquit himself in a manner worthy of his lineage.

TRENTON RACES COMMENCE NEXT TUESDAY!

All the crack horses north of the Old Dominion and *John Bascomb*, as well, will be there. Mingo, Post Boy, and Ironette start the 4 mile day. For the 3 mile day, probably Henry Archy, Veto or Cadmus, Juliana, and Sydney will go. Besides the races some good Trotting may be expected. The Philadelphia boys have brought on four or five "cracks," and the Dutchmen, Modestys, Fanny Pullens and other fast ones go from this city. Altogether there will be capital sport. BAILEY will give you a fine dinner at the *Eagle*, and the way they know there, how to make a julep, is a caution!

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE.

Immediately subsequent to the great match on the Union Course, Tuesday, Conklin's stands were rammed, crammed and jammed with people to see a trial of speed between DUTCHMAN and LADY SLIPPER who trotted a Match, four mile heats, under the saddle, for $2000 a side.

Mr. J. C. named b. g. *Dutchman*, rode by P. Wheelan,	1	1
Mr. R. F. C. named g. m. *Lady Slipper*, rode by G. Spicer,	2	2

Time 1st heat, 11:19—2d, 10:51. Betting even before the start. Dutchman led off the 1st mile and a half in bang up style, when the mare challenged and passed, but could not maintain her stride. Dutchman took her in hand on the back stretch, and after a rally beat her off and came away home 3 or 4 lengths ahead.

Second Heat.—The mare took the lead on the first quarter and led about three miles, when Dutchman set to work and lapped her and they came thus, head and flank, within the gate on the last mile, when some scoundrel in the crowd struck the mare and broke her up, Dutchman leading at the time by half a length. Of course the mare's chance was lost, though impartial judges think she could not have won.

We note with sensible pleasure that the fellow who struck the mare, was discovered and got soundly thrashed for his pains.

☞Should any of our letters not have reached their destination we beg to apprize our Sporting Correspondents in Richmond, Norfolk, Washington, Augusta, Charleston, Nashville, and various other places, that letters were deposited in the New-York Post Office, addressed to them, on the evening of the race, giving such particulars of its result as the limited time would allow. They may be assured we never forgot them, nor the golden rule which saith, "One good turn deserves another."

A CARD.

"MESSRS. MERRITT & CO. of Va." have seen with much surprise, an article, copied from a Tennessee paper, and inserted in the *Spirit of the Times* of the 14th of May over the signature of JAS. JACKSON & Co. This article contains propositions at once *unfair*, *unsportsmanlike*, and *inadmissible*. It proposes to run the get of *Leviathan*, *St. Giles* and *Lapdog*, against the get of the three horses, which we "have in Tennessee." Now none of US are racers; nor do we own (with the exception of one) any mares covered by our horses in Tennessee; nor do we know any mares put by other persons, whose produce *we could control*. Besides we reside from 700 to 900 miles from the stands of these horses, and about 700 miles from the place proposed to be run at. On the other hand Messrs. Jas. Jackson and Co. have a training stable or stables,—have put *many mares to their horses*, and reside on the spot or near it. Under such circumstances it would be absurd to suppose, that these banters could be *seriously made* with any expectation of their *being accepted*.

But if Messrs. J. Jackson & Co. really think that their horses are as good as our's, and wish to make matches or races on *fair* terms, *they can be gratified*. We will run the get of three horses which *have* covered *our mares this season*, or mares whose produce we *can control*, against the get of Messrs. Jas. Jackson & Co.'s horses, in four or more matches, for $5000, (or more if wished) each, half forfeit. The races to be run alternately over the Newmarket course, Virginia, and the Nashville course Tennessee, or wholly over the Columbia course, S. C. or the Augusta course, Georgia; both which last courses are as convenient to Messrs. Jas. Jackson & Co. as to us. Two races to be run in the fall of 1840—one of them two mile heats and one three mile heats—and two in the spring of 1841—one of them three mile heats, and one four mile heats; or if run at Columbia, or Augusta, the time of the two first races to be the winter of 1840-41, and of the last two, the winter of 1841-42. And to be run during the week of the regular Jockey Club races, if any that season, if not at such time as may be agreed on.

If Messrs. Jas. Jackson & Co. are *afraid* to meet us on *these fair and equal terms*, we are willing to run the get of any three of our horses, against the get of *Leviathan*, *Lapdog*, and *St. Giles*, of this season, provided *fair* and *admissible* propositions are made for that purpose.

Those papers in Tennessee and elsewhere, which have published the Card of Messrs. Jas. Jackson & Co. will please give this an insertion also.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

Nothing can be more delightful now that the month of roses has appeared, than a cool seat by the shores of the lordly Hudson, on that beautiful spot so poetically and justly called Bloomingdale. It is a doubt whether the far-famed banks of the Schuylkill, or the environs of Boston, can compare with the picturesque view from *Barnum's Mansion*, where the dolphinlike glories of the dying day are mellowing the landscape, and the Hudson, dotted with the white sails of the vessels, stretches beyond the rock ribbed *Palisades, &c.*, while the excellent entertainment at the house, the attention of the host, are a sure guarantee that an hour cannot be better rolled away than discussing a julep at the place we mention.

KENDALL COURSE, MD. RACES.

THIRD DAY, May 26.—*Jockey Club Purse*, $700, 4 mile heats.

C. Thompson's ch. h. *Orazabo*, 5 yrs old, by Mons. Tonson	2	dr	
J. Dixon's ch. c. *Experiment*, 4 yrs old, by Jack Downing	1	2	2
J. B. Kendall's b. h. *Pythias*, 4 yrs old, by Gohanna	5	dis.	
O. P. Hare's b. c. *Spartacus*, 4 yrs old, by Sir Charles	4	1	1
Dr. Duvall's b. c. *Prince George*, 4 yrs old, by Mons. Tonson, by Industry, out of the dam of Argyle,	6	dis.	
T. R. S. Boyce's b. h. *Joshua*, 4 yrs. old, by Gohanna	3	3	3

Time, 7m. 57s.——7m. 58s.——8m. 12s.

FOURTH DAY, May 27.—There was real campaign to-day—being no less than four races. The course was very heavy, and it was raining all the time the horses were running.

First Race.—A sweepstakes for three yr. olds; mile heats; $50 entrance, h. f.

John Ridgely's ch. f. by Sussex	1	1
R. Gilmor Jr.'s gr. c. *Frederick*, by Byron	2	2
Wm. Bosley's b. f. *Chancilla*, by Sussex	dis.	

Time, first heat 2m. 1s., second heat 2m. 12s.

Second Race.—Proprietor's purse, $250, two mile heats, for nags bred or owned in Maryland or District of Columbia.

J. B. Kendall's br. m. *Camsidel*, by Industry	1	1
Chas. Myers' b. f. *Ellen Tree*, by Apparition	5	2
Mr. Warwick's b. c. *John K.*, by Sir Charles	4	3
J. M. Selden's imp. f. *Netty*, by Velocipede	3	4
J. M. Levy's ch. c. *Henry Bell*, by Tonson	2	5
Wm. Bosley's ch. h. *Keno*, by Ivanhoe	6	6
P. Wallis' gr. m. *Lady Archiana*, by Sir Archy	dis.	
J. Pouder's b. c. *Cassawaga*, by Timoleon	dis.	

Won easily—Camisdel taking the lead and maintaining it to the end.

Third Race.—Sweepstakes for three year olds, mile heats, $100 entrance, h. f. three subscribers.

Gen. Emory's ch. f. Lady Clifden, by Sussex	2	1	1
Wm. L. White's ch. c. Cash, by Carolinian	1	2	2
P. Wallis's gr. f. Molinera, by Medley	dist.		

Time—1:55; 1:58; 2:8.

A most beautiful race; Lady Clifden in the first heat lost 20 yards by a bad start, and only lost the heat by 12 inches.

Fourth Race.—Sweepstakes for three year olds, mile heats, $100 entrance, h. f., three subscribers; two started.

Jas. B. Kendall's b. f. Spring Hill	1	1
Wm. L. White's ch. c. by Carolinian	2	2

The start in the first heat was the worst we ever saw—the filly being at least fifty yards ahead of the colt—the heat won by about four lengths. The start in the second heat was, under the circumstances, worse—the filly having about 30 yards the start—which distance she maintained to the end.

So ended the meeting. We may truly say never has there been better racing on any course—never was there a more liberal proprietor, whose admirable arrangements evinced his anxiety for the comfort of all who attended. The utmost decorum prevailed throughout, and all went away satisfied and gratified, and many were the bumpers drank "to the success of the Kendall Course."—*Baltimore Patriot*.

TROUT FISHING, LAKE GEORGE.

ORIGINAL—BY F. L. WADDELL.

Come steady the boat, no noise with the oar,
Now shove her off gently my boys from the shore,
The night is enchanting and we shall have soon,
A cool pleasant breeze and the smile of the moon.

How charming the lake like a maiden asleep,
You see the white pebbles a hundred feet deep;
List, there is a salmon trout, drop in the line,
I see the bright tints on his long body shine.

Stay, stay for a moment, quick reach me the spear,
He swims to the surface, by Jove he is near,
Lay low, not a whisper, we'll tickle his fin,
A hundred to five, that I'll bring him in.

Now stir not an inch, keep steady the boat,
Just let her move slowly and o'er the fish float,
By heavens I've struck him, look yonder's the lance,
And see in the moonlight its shining blade dance.

And look at the *laker*, he crimsons the tide,
See now how he flounders, his mouth open wide;
Pull hard on the oars boys, lets have in the prize,
He's a thirty pounder, I guess by the size.

Oh what are the sports like what nature can give?
Let those who prefer it in large cities live,
For charming the fun is the rapture divine,
To sport on Lake George with the spear and the line.

EXTRAORDINARY TROTTING MATCH AGAINST TIME.

On Wednesday the undertaking which we announced in our last, and in which a mare called "Nonpareil," the property of Mr. Dixon, of Knightsbridge, was matched to perform a hundred miles in ten hours, in harness, came off, and, to the surprise of the connoisseurs in horse-flesh, was performed in the most satisfactory manner, thereby leaving in the shade even the celebrated performance of Tom Thumb, the American trotter, which was matched to do the same distance in ten hours and a half, and which he accomplished in ten hours and seven minutes. The ground chosen on the present occasion was precisely the same as that over which Tom Thumb trotted, in February, 1829—namely, five miles on the road over Sunbury common towards Staines, and back—and before starting was duly measured. The road is good, and almost a dead level; and, there being a public-house and stables close to the starting mile stone, convenience was afforded for the necessary refreshment.

We ought here to state, that the same mare was backed last autumn to do the same distance in ten hours and a half, and performed the labour, as we stated, within the stipulated time; but, as the match was done at night, and in the absence of those watchful eyes which daylight might have drawn to the spot, doubts were entertained of the "bona fide" character of the feat, and hence the greater anxiety of Mr. Dixon to prove that neither the public nor his friends had been deceived. According to the articles, the odds in the present instance were two hundred to one hundred against the 100 miles being done in ten hours, and an even hundred that it was not done in ten hours and a half. The match was made in November last, and, as soon as ever the weather permitted, the mare was put in training under the observation of Mr. William Stacey, a farmer in the neighborhood of Kingston; and, it must be admitted, could not have been got into better condition. Her colour is chesnut, with switch tail, and her height rather less than 15 hands; her figure is altogether symmetrical, and, although slight in appearance, she possesses great muscle in her fore hands and quarters, wears a good head, and is of excellent temper. She was got by Mr. Flanders' Fireaway, of the Isle of Ely, and is eight years old. Fireaway was sold to the late Mr. George Gold, of Swaffham, for 300 guineas, and is now in the possession of Mr. Harry England, of the Kent-road, who has advertised him to cover, and we believe has already twelve celebrated mares engaged in his harem. He is an uncommonly powerful horse, and an "out and outer" in the trotting world for a moderate distance. The success of Nonpareil proves that his offspring possesses, not only speed, but astonishing lasting powers. The match being made in private, and by persons not conspicuous in the sporting world, it did not excite any extraordinary degree of interest, nor was the betting at all commensurate with the character of the undertaking; although, had it been patronised by what are called "sporting characters," we have no doubt very large sums would have been won and lost, as few were disposed to acknowledge that there was a horse or mare in existence capable of such extraordinary exertions without breaking down. On the Tuesday evening the mare was removed to Mr. Lawrence's stables, the Red Lion, at Hampton, where a few of the parties interested were assembled, and where a match-cart, the property of Mr. Hitchcock, had been provided for the occasion. Here the umpires and referee were chosen, and two stop-watches were set together, for the purpose of keeping time. It had been previously agreed that the start should take place between five and six o'clock on the ensuing morning.

At the appointed time all were "up and stirring." The mare was put to, as fresh as a kitten, and gently walked to the appointed ground, Mr. W. Stacey, the trainer, undertaking to drive, and he, we understand, weighed, with his clothes and great coat, nearly fourteen stone. The morning was fine, but cold, and the road was in excellent order. The two watches having been set together, and locked in a box in the care of Mr. Lawrence, at exactly twenty minutes to six the mare commenced her arduous task at a steady pace, accompanied by the umpires and referee, for whom regular relays were provided, and Mr. Gurney, who had backed time, and who rode the distance throughout. She finished her first 20 miles, with great gaiety, in two minutes less than two hours, and was then taken out and let to a stall, where she staled, and took some gruel. About three minutes and a half were occupied before she was again on the move. She rather increased her speed in the next 20 miles, to make up for the stoppage, but was still within the four hours, was taken out, and having taken some gruel, in four minutes was again put to. It was in the third 20 miles that she manifested slight symptoms of distress, but this was not perceptible to the common observer, and she seemed to pursue her route with ease to herself and at a winning pace, still keeping within her time. On being taken out for the third time, she staled, took her gruel with a relish, received a cordial ball, which she washed down with another gulp of gruel, and was put to for the third time, starting with great alacrity. At the end of the 70th mile she had only one minute to spare to preserve the minimum time fixed for the exertion, but she was still fresh and gay. A heavy storm of hail now came on, which excited fears among her friends. This was followed by another equally severe, in the midst of which she was taken out, but on entering the stable, although breathing somewhat hard, there was nothing to indicate distress, or leg weariness; on the contrary, she seemed as fresh as at the end of the first 20 miles. After a couple of minutes she staled, took her gruel, another cordial ball, and her gruel again, and was then brought out for the last time. When put to, she had five minutes to fetch up in order to win the long odds, but such was the confidence of Mr. Stacey that he pronounced it "a certainty." His judgment proved correct; for in the final 20 miles she was permitted to increase her speed, and not only (and that too amidst another heavy shower of hail and rain) recovered the five minutes lost at the conclusion of the 80th mile, but was found to have three minutes and three seconds to spare of the ten hours at the conclusion of the 100th mile; having completed the whole distance in NINE HOURS, FIFTY-SIX MINUTES, AND FIFTY-SEVEN SECONDS, according to the stop watches, which, the moment she had passed the winning post, were taken from the box, stopped, and examined by the umpires and referee, neither having varied more than two seconds.

The result was hailed with loud cheers by an immense crowd, which had now assembled, and who not only looked but expressed great astonishment—admitting that their calculations of failure had been negatived in the most exemplary manner. The mare still showed no symtoms of fatigue, and only exhibited warmth under her collar and in a slight degree in her flanks. She was immediately led back to the stable, where she took some gruel, and commenced eating hay with apparent relish. Having been slightly dressed, she was left to herself, and in an hour afterwards was clothed and gently walked to her training quarters (a distance of seven miles,) where she arrived in perfect health, and apparently none the worse for her unprecedented exertion. She was gaily dressed with blue ribbons in her head, and became an object of no small admiration as she moved along. She was judiciously driven from first to last, and from the steadiness of her pace, her lasting qualities, and high condition, was in no instance placed in danger of failure. Like Tom Thumb she stole along imperceptibly, and to a casual spectator did not seem to be going fast. She steps as straight as a die, and her action is not high, but clean and easy. It was observed that Tom Thumb could have done the distance in less time, which we think not improbable; but, as he was not put to the test, it is but fair to acknowledge that Nonpareil has justified her title by performing a task hitherto unequalled, and above all, by a mare thoroughly English in her "birth, parentage, and education." Her proprietor has just reason to be proud of her, and more especially, as he has succeeded in diminishing the value of American comparisons, by showing what English blood can do when put to the test.

We did not hear a whisper of doubt as to the character of the performance, although we were not a little amused to hear some score of horse masters vaunt that they had cattle in their stables capable of doing quite as much, "only they had never tried 'em;" and we shall not be surprised at seeing the same distance attempted in an hour less! but it should be remembered that cruelty to a noble animal is no proof of merit in the master. Nonpareil can do fifteen miles within the hour, but it is not pretended that she could do as much for two hours in succession.—We are glad to hear that Mr. W. H. Davis, an animal painter of some eminence, in Church street, Chelsea, took a sketch of the mare as she was doing her work, and purposes publishing it for the gratification of the sporting world.—On Thursday she continued in sound health. and was as fresh as if a similar journey would do her no harm.

To show the confidence of the trainer in the properties of the mare, and to prove his sense of her powers, we have to add the following challenge, received yesterday:—

TO THE EDITOR OF BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON.

SIR—You will oblige me by putting in your Paper I will take 500*l*. to 100*l*. that the mare Nonpariel shall do, in harness, the same 100 miles, on the same ground, which she did on Wednesday, in nine hours and a half, within six weeks from this time. I will give 24 hours' notice of the performance,

Hook, April 29. Yours, &c. WM. STACY.

TROTTING CHALLENGE AGAINST TIME.—R. Taylor not having received any acceptance to his late challenge in BELL'S LIFE, now offers to the sporting world as under, viz: R. T. will back his mare Lady at even to trot 3 miles in 9 minutes, 5 miles in 15 minutes, and 9 miles in 30 minutes; will take 2 to 1 she trots 9½ miles in 30 minutes, and 3 to 1 she trots 10 miles in 30 minutes. P. S.——R. T., considering himself not fairly treated at Northampton, is anxious once more to trot against the "black mare," the same distance as before, to convince the sporting world of the superior speed and style of the mare Lady over that of the "black mare."

Bell's Life in London, May 1, 1836.

WILD HORSES OF THE PRARIE.

DEAR SIR—Much has been written relative to the wild horses of the Prarie—some have condemned them as worthless and unfit for service—others have extolled them to the skies. The letter from Maj. MASON of the Dragoons, published some time since in the "Turf Register" seems to have settled the question with many. The result of my observation and the information obtained from good sources, lead me to believe, that while the greater part of the wild stock are valueless, some of them are very fine. Lieut. L. B. NORTHROP, of the U. S. Dragoons owns in partnership with Maj. Mason a very fine mare purchased at the Pawnee village in the summer of '34—Lieut. N. also purchased on his own account of the Indians a mare they had just caught. She was heavy with foal, which enabled them to catch her. He paid for her, something like $120—8 or 10 being the usual price paid for such as were bought.

This mare brought a very fine colt, which unfortunately died. She is represented to be a superior animal—with clean limbs—bony head—splendid nostrils—remarkably large throttle—well ribbed—good back and loin—hard flinty hoofs—with fine size and action. Lieut. N. has gentled her and uses her as a riding mare and finds her a nag of untiring bottom. He has put her to *Crusader*. The partnership mare has a colt by an Indian pony.

Capt. E. W. B. NOWLAND of Fort Gibson has a stallion caught in the prarie. I have no doubt he is a fine horse, and the *experiment* should be made, for who knows but what the thing might turn out well. Crusader will doubtless get some thing "*smartish*" of Lieut. N.'s mare. I should like however, to see Leviathan, Bertrand, Tonson, Eclipse, Henry, or such *cattle* pay their addresses to the mare before I would render my verdict upon her, for I have looked in vain to see the get of Crusader distinguish themselves on the turf.

Truly Yours, N.

DEATH OF J. BEVERLY PRYOR, THE PEDESTRIAN.

COLUMBUS, Miss. May 6.

Fatal Recontre.—An unfortunate affair took place at the race ground near this place, on Wednesday last, the first day of the races. We were not present, but have gathered the particulars, from several gentlemen who were. They are briefly these. A Mr BEVERLY PRYOR, a young man from the neighborhood of Huntsville, Alabama, suspecting there had been foul play in the race, attacked and knocked down one of the trainers. Mr ELI ABBOTT, of this town, the proprietor of the race course, remonstrated with him on such conduct, and told him that the race ground was not a proper place for such disturbances. Upon this Pryor drew a pistol and pushed the muzzle into the face of Abbott so violently as to take off the skin, telling him at the same time to draw and defend himself. Abbott declared that he had no pistol. Just at this time, a man by the name of McRhodes, Pryor's friend, snapped a pistol at Abbott, which momentarily drew off the attention of Pryor. Abbott taking advantage of the occasion, instantly drew a large knife, plunged it in to the breast of Pryor, turned and severely wounded McRhodes in the arm, who made off, and Abbott followed him. Pryor though mortally wounded, pursued Abbott some fifteen or twenty paces, snapped his pistol repeatedly at him, and then fell and expired with a groan.

Comment upon this melancholy recontre is not, we presume, called for from us One remark, however, we cannot refrain from making. The practice which is becoming so common, of carrying pistols and knives, cannot be to much condemned. If public sentiment does not restrain it, the strong arm of the law ought to be brought in to put it down.

We saw young Pryor early in the day riding about town in all the flush and pride of youth, and in a few brief hours, we saw him borne back a corpse, his father attending him, and covered with the blood of his son, which he had got on his clothes in supporting him on the ground in his death struggle! What a spectacle! and what a sudden and awful transit from all the gaiety and buoyancy of youth to the cold unrelenting arms of death! The grieved and disconsolate father has had the corpse carried to Alabama, to be buried at his family residenee.

The affair produced considerable sensation in town. The unanimous impression seems to be that Abbott was perfectly justifiable. He immediately delivered himself up to the officers of the law, by whom he was discharged, upon the ground that it was a case of justifiable *homicide*.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

SIR—In your paper of Saturday last, you erroneously gave Mr. John Sefton the credit of being the Author of Mob the Outlaw, now playing at the Franklin Theatre. The only credit due to Mr. Sefton is for obtaining its title, as the piece is an adoption from a French tale, by Mr. Selby the Comedian of *London*, and was produced at the Victoria Theatre about two years since, under the title of The Two Murderers or L' Auberge des Adrets, and may be purchased at Mr. Phelan's Dramatic Repostory, 37 Chatham street. By correcting your error you will oblige

A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.

CLUBS.

There have been recently published several very edifying works upon Etiquette, and the mode of behaving well in company. As no book touching the conduct of Club society has yet appeared, and as this is the season of the year at which those admirable institutions are making weekly acquisitions in the shape of new members, we have thought it might be neither superfluous nor disagreeable to give the recently admitted candidates a few leading rules for their behaviour in the way of directions—Thus,

In the first place, find fault with everything, and bully the waiters. What do you pay your subscription for, but to secure that privilege? Abuse the Committee for mismanagement, until you get into it yourself—then abuse everybody else.

Never shut the door of any room into which you may go, or out of which you may come.

When the evening papers arrive, pounce upon three; keep one in your hand, reading—another under your arm, ready to relieve that; and sit down upon the third. By this means you possess yourself of the opinions of all parties, without being influenced by any one. If you wish to dine early and cheap, order cold meat just before three o'clock; it will then be charged as luncheon—bread, pickels, &c. gratis. Drink table beer, because, as the Scotch gentleman said of something very different—" It is very pleasant and costs nothing." If you dine on the joint, get it first, and cut all the best parts off, and help yourself to twice as much as you want, for fear you should never see it again.

If you are inclined to read the newspaper when you have finished your meat, make use of the cheese as a reading-desk; it is very convenient, and moreover, makes the paper smell of the cheese, and the cheese taste of the paper.

If you come in, and see a man whom you know, dining quietly by himself, or two men dining sociably together, draw your chair to their table and volunteer to join them. This they cannot well refuse, although they may wish you at Old Scratch. Then call for the bill of fare and order your dinner, which, as the two others had half done before your arrival, will not be served till they have quite finished theirs. This will enable them to enjoy the gratification of seeing you proceed through the whole of your meal, from soup to cheese inclusive, while they are eating their fruit, and sipping their wine.

If you drink tea, call for a " cup" of tea; when the waiter has brought it, abuse him for its being too strong, and desire him to fetch an empty cup and a small jug of boiling water; then divide the tea into two cups and fill up both with the water. By this method you get two cups of tea for the price of one. N. B. The milk and sugar not charged for.

If you are a literary man always write your books at the Club—pen, ink and paper gratis—a circumstance which of itself is likely to make your productions profitable.

When there is a ballot, blackball everybody you do not happen to know. If a candidate is not of your own personal acquaintance, he cannot be fit to come there.

If you are interested about a friend, post yourself directly in front of his balloting box, and pester everybody, whether you know them or not, to give him a vote; this, if pertinaciously adhered to, will invariably settle his fate—one way or the other.

Always walk about the coffee-room with your hat on, to show your own independence, and your respect for the numerous noblemen and gentlemen who are sitting at dinner without theirs.

When you are alone in any of the rooms where writing materials are deposited, help yourself to covers, note-paper, sealing-wax, and blacklead pencils at discretion; they are as much yours as any other member's, and as you contribute to pay for them, what difference can it make whether you use them at the club or at home.

When you go away, if it is a wet night, and you are without a cloak or great-coat, take the first that fits you; you can send it back in the morning, when it is fine—remember you do. The rule equally applies to umbrellas.

Never pay your subscription till the very last day fixed by the regulations; why should the trustees get the interest of your money for two or three months? Besides, when strangers come in to see the house, they will find your name over the fire-place which will show that you belong to the Club.

An observance of these general rules, with a little attention to a few minor points, which it is scarcely possible to allude to more particularly here, will render you a most agreeable member of the society to which you belong, and which it will be right to denounce every where else as the most execrable hole in London, in which you can get nothing fit either to eat or drink, but in which you, yourself, nevertheless, breakfast, dine, and sup, every day when you are not otherwise engaged.

The John Bull.

The Olympic Theatre.—This now fashionable place of amusement was originally built in 1805-6 by old Astley, the stage being made of the timbers of the Ville de Paris, a French man of war we captured some years before. In 1811 Elliston bought the theatre then a pavillion, for 3150*l*., and an annuity of 100*l*. to Astley, which he lived but two years to enjoy. Elliston's success was equal to that now enjoyed by Madam Vestris whilst he himself acted there; but when he was absent, the attraction failed. Capt. Barlow, Oxberry, and many others, became lesses for a short period; but no speculator succeeded, and the house was purchased by Mr. Scott, the present proprietor, for 4000*l*., subject to 100*l*. per annum ground rent. Opening it with his own company, and not proving profitable, he let it to a variety of persons, none of whom found it answer their purposes, until Madame V. took it in 1830, at a rent of 1000*l*. per annum, and raised the establishment to the first rank as a place of fashionable amusement. The receipts *now* are seldom less than 100*l*. per night; on one occasion, in the winter of 1824, the curtain went up there to *nineteen* shillings, and fell at midnight to 3*l*. 10*s*. !

George the. Third and Henderson.—George the Third [like his eldest son and grandfather] preferred commedy to tragedy. George the Fourth could not bear the " harrowing of the heart" that Kearn's Othello gave him. A new comedy, by Cumberland, attracted his Majesty George the Third an Queen Charlotte to Covent Garden about 1778: it was entitled " The Mysterious Husband," and Henderson acted the hero. It proved to be one of the serio comic dramas then in vogue, and in the last scene the principal character dies. Henderson's delineation was perfection: his Majesty's attention was riveted to the stage; but he at length exclaimed—" Charlotte, don't look—it's too much to bear." The play, by Royal desire, was never repeated

Henderson's countenance was of the same order as Macready's—flat, but capable of great variety of expression. His imitations of his contemporaries might justly have been termed personations, or indentifications—the look, tone, carriage, expressions, even the thoughts, in extemporaneous dialogue, were those of the individual he represented. Henderson, though not an imitator, was in the school of Garrick; John Kemble in that of Barry was only a graceful discipline of the Quin shool of oratory.

The Governess.—I see before me the pretty, interesting-looking girl, who already seated at the table with five or more children, was the only individual of the party to whom none were introduced, to whom no sort of attention was paid beyond that of desiring her to "help Emma to the breast of the fowl,,' or to see that " Julia ate more like a lady;" and who, in the midst of the ravages committed on flesh and fowl, must have risen from her comfortless dinner hungry. This was the " governess." If we were staying in the house, and a quadrille was proposed, it was the " governess" who was " sent for" to preside unrelieved at the piano, and who was dismissed at the conclusion of our amusement with the simple acknowledgment of " that will do; thank you, Miss Duncombe."

Bar Anecdote.—Lord M., a Scotish Judge, well known for his penurious habits, being compelled to give a dinner to the barristers upon circuit, and having neglected to order any claret, with which they had been accustomed to be regaled on such occasions, Harry Erskine, endeaavored by several oblique hints to make him sensible of the omission. His Lordship, however, who had an acute misapprehension where his pocket was in danger, affected to receive all these inuendoes in a different sense, and at length, seeking to turn the conversation to the war in which we were then engaged, abruptly exclaimed, " I wonder what has become of the French fleet?"—" Just at present, my lord," replied his waggish persecutor, " I believe it is, like ourselves, *confined to port!*"

A Mighty Smart Cat.—A few weeks ago, a cat owned by Mr. L. Griggs, of Fayston, in one night caught thirty-four mice! By some means poor puss was fastened out of doors on a cold night, and was obliged to work or freeze; so she fell foul of the little victims, piled thirty-four in a heap on the door step, and at dawn was found lying among her dead " spoils" " composed and calm as a summer's morning." Nothing equals this but Davy Crockett's story of climbing a hundred foot tree and sliding down to keep himself warm.

A method has been found of increasing the quality of sugar extracted from beet-root. We are glad of this; not long since, sugar was chiefly got from *beat-nigger*.

Poor Ruthven just died in time to escape the decission of the Dublin Election Committee. It is to be hoped, as regards the next world, that he has made " his calling an election" rather surer than his seat seemed to be at the time of his decease. At all events, he died an M. P., a distinction which may not, however, be regarded so highly in the sphere above as on earth.

Mr. Murphy's notice to the Dublin Election Committee, on the decease of Mr. Ruthven, is extremely pity; he says, " Sir—Mr. Ruthven being dead, I no longer appear for him. J. Murphy." Exactly so: appearing on behalf of a dead man seems rather superfluous, and to persevere under such circumstances might come under the head of " vexsatious" opposition.

Some two or three dozen of Radical Journeyman hatters in the Borough and Bermondsey gave a hat to O'Connell, last week, with a " tribute of respect" " all round" the same. Much speechification took place.

Weitzer.—When James Aiken [who was universally and justly respected] departed this life, his merits, adventures, &c., were discussed in both green rooms. " Strange he should have gone so suddenly," said one: " for, previous to this, I believe he never had a day's illness." " Pooh, pooh!" answered Weiwitzer; " Ive known him from boyhood, and can tell you he has been *aching* [Aickin] all his life."

Knowledge of Shakspeare among Actors.—When Garrick, rejecting Davenant's alteration, advertised " 'Macbeth,' as written by Shakspeare," Quin exclaimed—" What does he mean? Don't I play Macbeth as written by Shakspeare?"

It is only a few years since that the writer of this read to Munden the porter's speech from the second act of " Macbeth." The commedian was in ecstasies, and said " he would give up the first witch to play it." He had *never heard of it* before.

Munden.—When Cherry formed the scheme of taking a company to Calcutta, the terms *talked of* were enormous. A lac of rupees per went round, " What is a lac of rupees?" None of the actors were sufficiently acquainted with the course of exchange to reply, but Munden, who was opposed to the scheme, said, " Do ye know what a lack of money is?" " Yes, yes." " Then that means *exactly the same thing*." The result proved that Joey was right.

Garrick, Kemble, and Kean, appeared at the same time of life, *i. e.* at twenty-six years of age.

	Born	Debut in London
Garrick	1716	late in 1741
Kemble	1757	1782
Kean	1787	Feb. 1814

Macready adapting " Rokeby."—When Mr. Macready was a very young man, he adapted and compiled a drama from Walter Scott's " Rokeby," and played the character of Bertram Risingham in it himself. It must be one or two and twenty years since I saw him in this at Newcastle upon Tyne [his father being manager of the theatre.] The impression he then made upon me I now vividly remember. The manner in which he executed the task of Selecting portions of the poem, and imitating Scott's style in the connecting lines, essentially necessary to form it into diologue, impressed me with an opinion of Mr. M.'s literary powers. Why does he not exert them upon an original drama?

Direction of a Letter.—The following lines were written on a letter sent by the twopenny-post to a well know dramatist—the epistle came safely to hand:—

" To ——— ———, a writer of plays
Who at Isaac's coffee house, Brydges street, stays:
Why *he* stays at a *coffee* house none can divine—
He's so cursedly given to brandy and wine."

Incledian Smiles.—During the O. P. war, whilst a terrific tumult was raging in the front of the house, the management, in their dilemma, popped upon Incledan, as " an everybody's favorite," to go on and pacify them. " I, my dear boy," replied Charles, " *I* attempt to stop that riot! I might as well bolt a door with a *boiled carrot*."

Wishing to give a stranger an idea of a man who was extremely thin, he said, " His leg, now, is a capital leg to *clean a flute* with."

His quotations from scripture were always aptly, sometimes awfully, used; but occasionally he made them convey bitter sarcasm. He had been *star*-ing at a provincial town, and his share of the receipts certainly appeared very inadequate to what might have been expected from the houses. The manager protested all was correct; Incledon bowed, and, after a moment, muttered, " *Now* Barabbas was a robber."

Incledon was *not* very learned, but affected to be much more ignorant than he really was. Conversation once turning upon poetry, and the " Canterbury Tales" being quoted, one of the arguers asked Charley if he was partial to *Chaucer*. " Am I partial to chaw, Sir? By the Holy Paul, that entirely depends upon what it is, but if you mean tobacco—d—n me, I am not!

True Revenge.—Old Johnny Winter, wardrobe keeper of the York circuit, was noted for leading new comers what is expressively termed " a devil of a life;" he hated what he thought innovocation—new pieces, new dresses, new scenery, and new performers, were all objects of excessive dislike. His common reply, if an actor objected to a dress, was, " It's been worn by all t' actors in your line these forty years, and de'el in't if 'twan't dee for you." When the late Mr. Mathews came to York, he succeeded Emery, who had just started for London. The first dress Winter put out for the new commedian was very reasonably objected to. " You get nout else o' me," said Johnney; " Measter Emery could put on a smock frock, and make 'em laugh; noo I wish ye may make 'em laugh, put on what you may."

The dresses worn as old English costume in our historical plays, &c. are technically termed "shapes." Shortly after Mr. M.'s joining the York company, he was in the wardrobe helping himself to an endurable shape for some character he had to personate, when Johnny put in his veto in a quotation from Macbeth—" Take any shape but that." Tate Wilkinson, eccentric himself, and admiring eccentricity in others, encouraged Winter in these vagaries; many a sensitive novoice, however, sank under these reiterated " dampers;" they were meant as ebullitions of humor, and indulged accordingly; but though sport to Johnny, were frequently death to the endurers. Mr. Mathews, many years afterwards, took ample revenge upon his tormentor; he heard Johnny Winter was aged and unfit for his duties—poor, and almost forgotten; he made him a present for immediate exigencies, and granted him an annual allowance, which, I think, Winter still lives to enjoy.

Kean was ill used in the provinces by C——, the manager; when fortune turned, and Kean was on the summit, C—— beneath the weel, the tragedian played gratuitously for C——'s benefit, which was then equivalent to giving him 150*l*.

THE " CURIOUS AFFAIR."

Mr. Editor—Agreeably to my promise, I now send you an account of the " Curious Affair," which I promised you some time ago, and you allusion to which produced so much sensation. Its history is as follows:—

Mr. S—— has been married two years. Before his engagement to his wife, she was much admired by a gentleman who had been acquainted with her from her childhood up. He was an accomplished man, agreeable in his manners, and of a prepossessing personal appearance—yet he was unincumbered with those qualities of mind and heart which Miss T—— had been taught to respect and admire. His reputation as a *roue* had reached her ears, and the very allurements and fascinations which would have captivated one less cautious and discerning, were to Miss T—— beacons of danger, and only served to render her more chary of his society. Mr. O———, finding his efforts to engage her affections vain, resigned all pretensions to her heart and hand and went into bachelors' quarters. In a short period after this, Miss T——— became Mrs. S———. The Honey-Moon was passed in delight, and married life opened upon the happy couple without a cloud. A year elapsed and all was joy. Mr. S——— became in due time a father, and Mrs. S——— a mother. Little Master S——— was full of promise—the father's pride, the mother's joy, until he arrived at the mature age of six months—before this, not an unkind, much less an angry word had ever escaped the lips of his parents towards each other. But Master S———, whose appearance was hailed as the flower of love, proved in the sequel to be the apple of discord. When he had arrived at the mature age of *six months*, a period of life at which the character of the first born is so distinctly developed to its parents, a difference of opinion arose between Mr. and Mrs. S——— in regard to what course of life Master Horace's capacities were most suitably adapted. The mother discovered in his spirited resistance to everything like compulsion or control; in his successful victories over herself and the nurse, a bravery and determination which would qualify him for glorious feats " by flood and field," and declared his genius was for war—that his shoulders were made for epaulettes, and that a hero of sea or land he was destined to be, and his preparatory education should be directed with " a view of West Point in the foreground." The father differed with his love in opinion as to the character of the *geuius* of Horace. He discovered in his propensity to tare and destroy everything within his reach, the unceasing exercise of his lungs. in his firmness, (obstinacy) and apparent desire to render all around him as uncomfortable as possible, the principal requisites for the legal profession, and talked of the Latin School and Cambridge. At this Mrs. S—— took umbrage, and for the first moment in her life manifested a small degree of irritability in the exclamation—

" Mr. S———, a *mother* certainly ought to know her *own child*."

" True, my dear, but then she does not, always," replied Mr. S———.

" This is the *first* time that you ever opposed my will, *sir*."

" Because it is the *first* time that I ever found it *necessary madam*."

" Indeed, Mr. S———, your *words* are very kind. I wish I could return the compliment."

" You could, Mrs. S———, if you were as willing to sacrifice *truth* to *courtesy* as I have proved myself to be."

" What *sir*, am I to understand that all your long acquiescence in my will, all your avowed admiration of my *judgment*, DEPORTMENT, PERSON, sprung from your *refined hypocrisy?* Now I believe the boast that was attributed to you, thet you married me not so much to please yourself as to annoy Mr. O——; *he* was a gentleman whose politeness, if it ever induced him to prevaricote, would not have worn through its disguise in *one* or *two* years."

" I am not the first man," returned Mr. S———, " who has been compelled to sip of the bitter draught he has prepared for another, and probably shall not be the last."

This sentence raised a hurricane from whose fury we shall, in mercy, shelter the reader, by avoiding any description of it. Enough that it awoke master Horace, by whose aid a tempest was raised that alarmed all the *West End*. From this time Mr. S——— was less at home than usual—he dined out frequently—joined a Club, and it was not uncommon for " night's noon" to find him far from Mrs. S——— and master Horace.

Upon his return from the Club, not " a long time ago"—at an hour somewhat earlier than was his wont—he thought that he discovered the figure of a man flit across the basement room of his dwelling. At first he imagined it the image of a robber, or an incendiary—perhaps both He sprung for the kitchen door—found it unfastened—entered—heard low voices in the upper entry—followed in hot pursuit—the rattling of the front door lock warned him of the place at which the culprit was attempting to escape—in a moment he had him by the throat, and the demand was issuing from his own.

" Scoundrel, how came you here—what are you after—*watch*, WATCH, WATCH."

" For God's sake, Mr. S———," said the prisoner, in a low and tremulous tone of voice, which was not unfamiliar to the ears it was addressed—" Do not expose me to your family, I will explain all."

Mr. S——— amazed at the manner of the individual he held so firmly, and inspired with confidence in his ability to offer something like a satisfactory solution of the myetery that was every moment thickening about him, consented to his partial release, and the parties deliberately entered the parlors together, where the nearly exhausted oil threw over the high walls and splendid furniture a pale and sickly light, but sufficient for S——— to recognize the features of O———, HIS FORMER RIVAL!! At this discovery he raved like a madman—called for pistols—swore the lives of the unfortunate O——— and the still more unfortunate Mrs. S——— would be but *poor* satisfaction for his outraged honor—tore his hair—his clothes—demolished his furniture—pulverized his mirrors. Amid the scene of uproar and confusion, the appaled Mrs. S——— entered the room, attended by the footman, the nurse, two chambermaids, and the cook. "Out of my sight, base, perjured devil"—" look at your paramour"— " oh, hypocrite, you would insult me further, if possible, by affecting surprise"—" clear the house" —" not a word from one of you"—" you are all alike"—" all in the plot"—and thus he continued his violent vociferations for some fifteen minutes, without suffering any one to interpose a word, regardless of the frenzied agony of his wife, or the most solemn protestations by O——— of his capability to " explain all." It is needless to say that the whole dwelling was in uproar for the remainder of the night. O——— was suffered to depart. Parents on both sides were summoned. A grand congress was held, but without being able to come to any satisfactory decision. The lady protesting that she was entirely ignorant of Mr. O———'s presence in her house, how he came there, or for what purpose; the nurse swore that her mistress had sat in the nursery all the evening, and that the coals in the pan were not dead with which she aired her bed for her to retire to, before the noise in the entry was heard. Yet all would not pacify, in the least, Mr. S——; he took rooms at the Tremont, consulted with his friends what course it would be proper for him to adopt toward O———; horsewhip him on 'Change, shoot him down in the street, or challenge him to mortal combat. The latter was resolved upon, and the note sent; a day was requested by O——— to select a friend through whom he would raply; it was granted, and the morrow brought with it the annexed:—

" *B—— Street, April* —, 1836.

Mr. S——; That I am not afraid to meet you in *any way*, you know me too well to doubt—and were no one but myself interested in the result of the interview you now propose, I would go on to the ground without one word of explanation. But, in the event of your fall, under such circumstances, I should not only rob an INNOCENT wife of her husband, but do gross violence to my own sense of justice. You have heretofore persisted in refusing to listen to any explanation from me in reference to the unfortunate affair which has so much excited you, and about which you are laboring under a gross misapprehension—a misapprehension not only disastrous to your own peace and respectability, but equally so to others whom nature and honor impose upon you a most solemn duty to respect. I shall for the last time give you a correct version of the whole transaction—if you do not credit it, and insist for further satisfaction for an *imaginary* wrong, I shall hold myself bound to answer any demand you may herarfter make upon me. The story is simply this—When you found me in your dwelling-house, I had just entered the basement story with Maria, one of your chambermaids—with her I have been acquainted some time, and have visited her at your house at a late hour of night more than once. Upon the occasion that has given rise to the present unnatural position between us, we had but just returned from a long walk—the other servants had retired, and I was upon the point of taking leave, when I heard a rush at the door where I was to make my egress—Maria immediately told me to run out of the front door, which was fastened by the night-lock only—I attempted it, but was overtaken by you before I could accomplish my purpose, and the consequences have been what you are as well acquainted with as myself. This is the key to the whole mystery, and no doubt Maria, although reluctantly, will confirm what I say for the sake of shielding her mistress from odium, and restoring harmony to your distracted family. Your friend.

O———."

Maria was called upon the stand, acknowledged the whole truth, and was forgiven. S—— believed his suspicions wrong—asked mercy from his almost heart-broken wife, received grace, and wrote the following epistle to O——.

" Dear O——, I see all—*am* a fool—but remember that I *was* once a bachelor myself. Forgive me, and come to tea *as soon as you think it will do*.

Yours ever. S———."

Boston Morning Post.

ADDRESS

On the return of the brave Volunteers from Florida, written by Miss Charlotte Barnes, *and spoken by her at the Augusta Theatre, on Mrs. Barnes' Benefit—May 9th*, 1836.

'Tis with an anxious heart and throbbing brow,
That on this brilliant scene, I enter now.
Alone—unaided—trembling, I appear,
And come forth singly—as a Volunteer!
My voice, (the voice of all within this dome,)
Bids the assembled wanders, welcome home!
What rapturous thoughts of pure affection's fire,
Does that one blessed word—our Home—inspire!
We bear with the vain world's deceitful charms,
Endure cabals of state, and war's alarms,
Secure, that while our toils abroad increase,
Within our homes, dwell happiness and peace!
When stranger foes invade our native land,
Danger joins men in one unshaken band;
All private interest yields to public wo,
And each man arms against the common foe!
Or, when the cherished hearth-stones of our sires
Have been profaned by war's destructive fires,
In those lov'd ties, there dwells a holy charm
Gives tenfold strength to boyhood's feeble arm!
How brave, then, *those*, whom *friendship* calls, *alone*,
" Eager to bleed in battles not their own:"
No anxious nations urging *them* to fame—
No loud alarms echoing back *their* name—
A sister land sends forth a wailing cry,
And to that call those gallant hearts reply!
They tear themselves from those they love, at last;
All private gain by them aside is cast.
The father's blessing doth the son implore—
The tearful menials throng around the door.
The happy infant stands unconscious by,
Sees their distress, and asks the reason why;
Pleased with the glittering sword, it draws the shining blade,
And dreams not of the widowed hearts, weapons like that have made!
The sister bids adieu to him she holds so dear—
The mother cannot speak; her blessing is—a tear!
The trembling bride gasps forth one farewell sigh
To him for whom she lives—with whom she'd die!
The last embrace is ta'en; the parting word is spoken—
Affection has exchanged each little precious token;
The gallant band depart; the last, sad, ling'ring look is o'er;
They've parted not to meet for months—perhaps to meet—no more!
To free that land, alas! in vain the aid they bring;
The ills of savage war, too deep have left their sting!
Each little work a parent's hands had made,—
The social hearth, the cool, retired glade,—
Each cherish'd spot by happy kindred trod—
The holy shrine where hearts had bent to God—
The mansion, where the grandsire's self was born,
The fruitful garden, and the rip'ning corn,
Are left alike a prey to savage ruthless foes,
And those the *knife*, had spared, perish beneath their woes!
All aid that little band can grant, by them is freely given;
Against each hardship in their path, with firmness have they striven;
And though not theirs the happy lot to free that land from ill,
The blessings of the friends they've serv'd will wait upon them still!
And when that land revives in peace, its people, far and near,
Will join in thanks and gratitude to the generous Volunteer!
And while *with hopes of peace* each noble heart doth burn,
Think of that welcome, glad event, the Volunteers' Return!
The thronging crowds, assembled, press along the strand,
To hail the safe return of that heroic band!
Each friend with trembling gaze now anxiously draws near—
But *every one* returns—and needless is their fear!
Heart beats to heart, with rapid throb, in warm extatic greeting—
'Twere well to part, to feel the joy of such a blissful meeting!
Nor think it strange, that, from my feeble tongue
These untaught words of welcome, thus have sprung.
I came but as a stranger, to this your Southern shore,
Now deep regret I feel, that my brief stay is o'er
If I should e'er return, I cannot now foretell—
Then, with my " Welcome Home," let me thus say—FAREWELL!

Summary.

A TENNESSEEAN.—When the news of Gen. Gaines' perilous situation on the banks of the Withlacoochee, cut off from all supplies, and surrounded by a band of desperate savages; first reached Washington city; and the party were building schemes for his ruin by a court martial, should he be unsuccessful and escape alive;—a friend, in conversation with Judge White, lamented his critical position, and despondingly exclaimed, "HE IS LOST." "No, sir," exclaimed the Judge, in a firm and decided manner, which displayed his insight into the character, and his confidence in the military skill of his countrymen,—"No, sir! he will escape, and come off honorably." Why do you believe so," was the inquiry. "BECAUSE HE IS FROM MY OWN STATE;—HE IS A TENNESSEEAN."

Western Weekly Review.

MRS. PAUL PRY.—That notable biped, and most sweet tempered, discreet, and amiable of authoresses—the *Trollope* of Uncle Sam's daughters—the gentle widow and "childless mother," as Pat McDermont calls her—Mrs. Anne Royal—has been worried out of her uneasy chair editorial, relinquished Paul Pry, and left Washington, the "City of Abomination," to the guardianship of others better able to endure *rei familiaris angustia* as Cicero politely describes short commons, and keep warm without flannel drapery. She is a queer old joker, truly, and her farewell is worth preserving. She says—and her language, so far from being luguubriously lachrymose, as might have been expected, is playfully sprightly and most benevolently resigned—

"We have been a faithful sentinel during our sojourn in this city, at least, if not an efficient one, and would continue at head quarters a year or two longer with pleasure, but really the sacrifice is too great; the cold is beyond endurance; deprived too of our patronage by a lawless banditti; provision and fuel beyond our slender means; and notwithstanding the severity of the winters, we have not been able to purchase but *three* yards of flannel this *five* years, and that little better as a shield from the cold, than gauze. These privations we have endured rather than stop our paper, and *were we a young woman*, we should see them out at all hazards, and put down those insolent usurpers; but our years require more comfort, and a climate less rigorous. The church and state party may have the Capital—we always intended it for them. But, mark ye, gentlemen, ye do not get the valley; for we are going there ourselves, and intended to chase Dr. Ely, and his army of foragers. out of the range."

Good, most royal Ann! But only think, gentle reader, of a lady's admitting that she is not young!

Boston Transcript.

A LOST STAGE FOUND.—The Montreal Vindicator says—"The Upper Canada stage which fell through the ice last winter near Corteau du Lac, has, we are informed, been discovered within these few days, near Isle Perrot, with the baggage of the passengers, in one of whose trunks were 4000*l*, belonging to the city bank, for the recovery of which a reward of $1000 had been offered.

A YANKEE YARN FROM CHINA.—Jonathan has done it well this time. Letters from Valparaiso state, that the American Captains have brought the intelligence of the destruction of the city of Pekin by an earthquake. "One hundred thousand houses were swallowed up, and the city is covered by a black lake and swamp." This is indeed a *tea*-total and catawampous chawing-up! Verily, Jonathan deserves a patent for yarn-twisting. We understand he intends starting a steam-navigation company to trade on the "black lake."

The Count de Peyronnet, one of the ex-Ministers confined in the Chautau of Ham, is said to be dying.

An English pack of fox-hounds will throw off in October next at at Brussells.

A THICK-SKULLED JUSTICE.—There is nothing like having a thick skull, as Joe Hume says; it is of incalculable advantage to a man sometimes—*ex gratia*. Sir John Audrey, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Bombay, had a narrow escape, says the latest accounts from that part of the world. A punkah, heavy enough to require six men to lift, *fell* upon his *head* while trying a prisoner, and his forehead was quite black from being forced on the desk by the weight of the punkah. He retired for an hour; and afterwards returned to *finish the trial*. Who shall, after this, ever dare to question the value of a thick-headed justice?

All the fashionable world are talking about an extraordinary scene which occurred the other night at the house of a very distinguished lady in the neighborhood of Manchester-square. While the company were waltzing, a silver spoon, with the crest of the owner of the mansion upon it, was seen to jump out of the pocket of a Reforming M. P., who being unable to account for the circumstance, was requested to *retire as soon as possible*—a hint that was not lost upon him. As TOM DUNCOMBE said in the House of Commons, "we are not prepared, either now or at any future time, to give the name of the party."

A ROMANCE IN PRIVATE LIFE.—The lady of a Liberal M. P., who has chambers in the Albany, arrived in town the other morning from the neighborhood of Acton, at an unusually early hour. Her first visit was to a female friend near Grosvenor Gate, to whom she imparted her intention of taking in her Albanian absentee by *surprise*. On her arrival at his chambers she was struck with the preparations on the table of an elegant *dejeune* for *two* persons: proceeding further to explore the mystery, she advanced into the sleeping room of her husband, when, Oh, horror! she discovered another usurping her place in the arms of her husband. A dreadful scene immediately occurred; the intruder was expelled by the injured lady, who, it is said, has determined to be *again* separated from her inconstant spouse. This brings to our recollection an anecdote of a similar scene which occurred to a great Covent Garden actor at Margate, whose wife surprised him with one of the chorus-singers much in the same way. We recommend the gentleman to use the incident in his next novel.

WONDERFUL WITNESS.—The counsel, at a recent trial on the Western Circuit, contrived a miracle, if we are to believe the reports; they make the dumb to speak —"Mr. FALCONER *said* that he was deaf and dumb."

The "hapless lot of milliners" has been exciting the attention of the medical world. If any of our dashing young senators desire a cheap and expeditious road to popularity, we recommend them to move for a committee of enquiry into the personal condition of that useful class of the community. The mover will of course be appointed Chairman of the committee, and stand a chance of having it all his own way with the witnesses.

In what does Sunday materially differ from every other day in the week?—Because it invariably comes before a Monday.

"Why is the Emperor of China (said Lord Copeland to Jack Ketch) like a man going to be hanged?—Because he does not like your-rope" (Europe.)

AN APPROPRIATE VISIT.—We perceive by the papers that a Mr. *Cash* had an interview the other day with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the subject of the stamp receipt tax. We are patriotic enough to wish many returns of the Cash visit to the said office.

It is rumoured that the King of NAPLES is about to be united to the Lady MARY TALBOT, daughter of the Earl of SHREWSBURY. This Neapolitan family is distinguished for its marriages, and seems fated to afford a dish of gossip to Europe as long as they have a marriageable member among them. The matrimonial escapade of the Prince of SYRACUSE with the beautiful Miss PENELOPE SMYTHE is still before the public—it followed hard upon the amorous dalliance of Madame MUNOZ with the ex-Guardsman at Madrid; and these succeeded the wanderings, the heroism, and the "untoward event" that hurled the poor Duchess da BERRI from a world's admiration to a feather-bed and caudle. She lives apart from the man of her mysterious choice.

The declaration of the Duke of Leeds to a friend, that he never drank more than a pint of wine, reminds us of Sam Crawley's memorable observation that he never took more than a pint of porter: he forgot to add "at one draught." The fact is, his Grace is a six bottle man, and Sam thinks nothing of as many quarts of redoubtable "intire" as would call forth a *reel* from a *heavy* dragoon.

Miss Wright Wilson, of Chelsea Park, is one of the richest heiresses in the kingdom. Perhaps she has a *right* to be considered so, as she derives a large fortune from a "wealthy stranger" of the name of Wright, who by accident met Lady Wilson at the Opera, and who, it is not unreasonably concluded, was much nearer allied to Miss Wilson than her mother chose to admit, or the daughter can have an idea of. "Lodgings for single gentlemen" and "airy attics" are becoming very scarce in the neigobourhood of Chelsea, which may be considered now a sort of suburban retreat for the *odd* fortune hunters of the "Imerald Isle." Dunboyne has engaged a "capital four-roomed house," *ridy* furnished, within a stone's throw of the park entrance.

Ellenborough wishes us to state that, although he has long been enrolled as a member of the swell mob, yet he was not the person who was condemned last week at Riegate for burglary under the name of Curly Bill: he says further that his head never had a *turn* that way.

CHIT CHAT.

"The Marchioness of Londonderry does not mean, I presume, to nurse her young boy?" observed Fitzjordan to Alvanley. "No," replied the nobleman, "she finds quite enough to do to *nurse* the old one."

The circumstance of the bottle of *spirits* being in the hand of the Princess Sophia at the time of her recent accident, leads us to the conclusion that she must have *taken*, and not have been *set* on, fire.

"What first induced you to fall in love with Foote?" asked Alvanly of Harrington. "Her *performances*," replied the bearded Earl. "I suppose, then," concluded the buffoon, "by way of especial favour before marriage, she occasionally indulged you with a *rehearsal* in private?" Harrington was dumb.

"Is it really true that your boy Charles has married a girl out of her wits?" observed the Ogreman to his friend Dunboyne. "By Jasus! it appears so," replied Dun, "but to repay her want of *mind*, she is *sole* heiress of the old tallow chandler, and that, you must admit, amply makes amends for her *fat*-uity."

"How much I prefer this to any other place in the house," observed Sefton to Duncombe, as they sat gaping at the dancers' legs from the omnibus box at the King's Theatre. "True," rejoined Tom, "we may be said now to look *up* to, and not *down* upon, the circles of attraction?" Sefton smacked his lips something after the fashion of old Falstaff in his first interview with Mrs. Ford.

Our dear Duchess, who has taken to study phrenology lately, desired the Duke to point out the exact situation of what, in the slang of the science, is termed the "organ of amativeness." His Grace, with great precision, proceeded to indicate the site of that organ, viz, at the base of the skull. "Bless me!" exclaimed the Duchess, "I should never have thought of looking for it *there*, I must say."

At the Clonwell Assizes held this week, the state of the calender is most alarming. It commences with fifty-nine cases of murder; shooting at, fifteen; rape, eleven; with a number of other less atrocious offences. This indicates little of the tranquillity which we trust prevails in many other parts of Ireland. poverty and tithes no doubt have much to do with the first named crimes, whilst as regards the last, the proximate cause would seem to be potatoes. "Passions and potatoes," at least, are coupled together by Byron, and not without reason, if we may judge from the riotous susceptibilities of the Irish population.

I WISH I MAY BE SHOT.—The little phrase at the top of this paragraph, is one that our contemporaries impute to poor Crockett, who fell in dealing death among the Mexicans; and as we remember, our brother of the Gazette made it a nucleus, around which he wound a pretty wreath of flowers of his own twining; but this was not the emphatic phrase of the gallant Colonel, who was wont, we are sorry to say, to enterlard his phrases with a species of words which Dr. Waterhouse of Boston says in every thing which he writes, ornaments language about as much as a large patch does a pretty face. It was the delicacy of editors, men proverbially delicate, that substituted *shot* for a word which we will not introduce to "eyes polite." It happened to us once to hear the Colonel use his expressive affirmation. Some Junketting or other was held at Camden, N. J. while Col. Crockett was on a visit to this city; whether it was the trial of his new rifle or not, we have forgotten; but the Colonel was in the midst, and in the course of the afternoon, a pocket-book was lost by a member of the company, and before night, the Colonel was also minus his pocket-book, and nearly two hundred dollars. In the evening he visited us, with a view of advertising his lost property, and while we were preparing the notice, the Colonel stated the particulars of the case. "After we had attended to the matters about the field," said he, "I sat down to the table to a glorious repast, with an appetite like a saw-mill. In about half an hour there was an outcry made that one of the company had lost his pocket book, with money in it. I clapped my hand at once upon my pocket, and I found too that mine was gone, which only a few minutes before I had felt in its place. I said nothing about my loss to any one until I came away, and then I mentioned the matter to Mr.———, my friend here, from whom I received the money in exchange." "And why," said that friend, "did you speak out at once; perhaps the person could have been detected" "I know that," said Col. Crockett. "and I thought of it; but there I was, eating and drinking with gentlemen who were making more of me than I deserved, and do you think I could brawl out in the midst of their hospitality, that I had lost my pocket-book, with a beggarly sum of bank notes, and those on the District banks? I could not do it; if I could, I wish I may be ———." We looked up to see what the accusing spirit would have to carry up to Heaven's chancery; good nature sat on the round face of the son of the forest, with whom unsophisticated politeness had gained a victory at the expense of the pocket; and we may hope that, as the example of the error was not likely to be followed, the fault itself was repented of and forgiven.

United States Gazette.

FRACAS AT DRURY LANE THEATRE, *between Mr. B—n and M—dy.*—(From a Correspondent.)—It has been generally known in the theatrical world for the last few weeks, that in consequense of Mr. B—n's insisting upon Mr. M—dy's playing iu *William Tell* as an *afterpiece*, some considerable differance has existed between these two gentlemen. Last night Mr. B. got up the *first three acts of Richard Third*. Mr. M. was bound by his contract to play the part of *Richard*, although the very best parts of the character are contained in the fourth hand fifth acts. Mr. M. was, of course, annoyed at this; and in consequence of the gibes of his fellow actors, and the natural irritabily of his temper, towards the end of the piece he was worked up into such a fervor of agony, that, dashing the door open, he rushed into Mr. B.'s room, and struck him a blow in the face. Mr. B. retaliated, and Mr. M. following up the advantage given him by superior strength and height, eventually knocked him down on a sofa. Mr. Wilmot, the promptor, and Mr. William Wood, the painter, were the first to hear the cry of "Help! help!" "Murder! murder!" Mr. B.'s injuries are severe; his eye is awfully blackened, his ancle sprained, and the back of his neck considerably hurt. Dr. Bennington, the physician, and Mr. Lane, the surgeon, and Mr. B.'s Lawyer, were instantly sent for; and the matter being fully put into the hands of those gentlemen, Mr. M. left the house. A police man was sent after him. but he was not to be found.

Ever since the eclaircissement at the Albany, when the litterateur was caught napping and the *chere amie* caught another kind of napping, it has been remarked by his amanuensis that his theological arguments have seldom been of the *aprio ry* order.

At the late assizes at Lancaster (Eng.) a very old man, an Irishman, was found guilty of an offence for which he was sentenced to fourteen years transportation. On receiving the sentence he bowed profoundly to the court and thanked his lordship, for "indeed," said he, "I did not think I had so long to live till your lordship told me!"

AMERICAN MUSEUM.

GRAND EXHIBITION OF HANNINGTON'S MOVING DIORAAS will continue every evening, commencing at half past 7 o'clock—in the following order:—

Grand Dioramic Scene 1—Being an Allegorical Representation of the Treaty of Ghent, 1815 and Triumph of America!

The exhibition opens with a view of a highly scenic country, picturesque in the extreme. Immediately in front of the audience, in the foregroud, is an Obelisk, erected to the glory of American heroes of the last war. The most elevated figure on this column is fame, represented with a trumpet, proclaiming the memorable deeds, where, and by whom achieved, which History is in the act, at the same time, of recording.

The moving figures of the Diorama commence in front, by the passing of a number of boats, in which much skill and time is observed by the oarsmen, after which, is to be seen America, drawn in a splendid car, by four white horses, bearing the flag of the United States, followed by Victory, ready to crown her with laurels, proceeding to the Temple of Peace, through a triumphal arch, with a numerous retinue. A young female precedes the car of America, strewing the path with flowers, while another, with a child in her arms, has kindled the incense, and a third is singing triumphant hymns.

In the train, following America, in a grand procession, are seen bands of Musicians, Victors, Prisoners of War, and numerous troops of Cavalry and Infantry, many of them carrying trophies. The whole spectacle is represented in the style and costume of the ancient Romans, and the admiring spectator will observe with delight the motion of men and horses, as natural as life, keeping time with the powerful martial music.

Grand Dioramic Scene 2.—Moonlight—Sea View—Storm and Shipwreck.

Grand Dioramic Scene 3.—Conflagration of Moscow.—This Diorama is divided into a Day and Night Scene.

Also, still exhibiting the celebrated Statuary of Tam O'Shanter, Souter Johnny, and the Landlord and Landlady.

The Grand Cosmorama is the most splendid exhibition of the kind known.

Proffessor at the Piano, Mr. S. Bassford.

☞ Admittance to the whole, 25 cents—Children under 12 years, when accompanied their parents or guardians, 12 1-2 cents. feb. 27

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'clock, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surpassing feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown. that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs. 6. Pat with his Shillalah, just arrived. 7. Ben the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son, who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and a strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. A Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb. 20

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD STEAMBOAT LINE, DAILY.—One of the New-Haven Steamboats, until further notice, will leave pier No. 23, foot of Beekman-street, for New-Haven, daily, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, A. M., and at 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays, and one of said boats will leave New-Haven on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, at 12 o'clock, M., and on Saturdays at 6 o'clock, A. M., and at 2 o'clock, P. M.—By this arrangement there will be two boats from each place on Saturdays, viz.: one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

Excellent Post Coaches are always in readiness on arrival of the boats at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence and Boston. Also, to Lichfield, via Waterbury daily, and via Woodbury on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. For further information respecting freight and passage, inquire of JOHN SAXTON, 114 South-street. feb 20

PERRY'S COFFEE HOUSE, *BUFFALO*, NEW-YORK.

feb 20 J. H. PERRY.

J. T. GOSDEN,

PROFESSOR OF THE FLUTE, late of the Baltimore Theatre and Concerts, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York, that he has located himself in this city, for the purpose of giving instruction on the above instrument and the Piano Forte. He trusts that his long experience in the musical profession, and unwearied attention to his pupils, will be such as to entitle him to their patronage and support. For reference, as to his success as a teacher, Mr. G. possesses testimonials from individuals of the highest standing in this country, in whose families he has taught for several years together, and given the greatest satisfaction. For address, apply at Messrs. HEWITT & Co.'s Music Store, and at ATWILL'S Music Saloon, Broadway. feb 20

CUSTOM-HOUSE HOTEL,

CORNER OF PINE AND NASSAU-STREETS, New-York.—The subscriber having opened the above house on the European plan, is now ready to accommodate his friends and the public in superior style. The house is built on a modern and improved plan, and furnished with every convenience and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging rooms are airy and well furnished, and in perfect order. The ordinary is neat, convenient, and well furnished, and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords—served up by experienced cooks.

* * Gentlemen on business will find this a most desirable and central situation, being near Wall and all the business streets; and the proprietor pledges himself that no pains shall be spared on his part to make visitors comfortable and perfectly at home.

mar 5 JAMES HORN, JUN.

THOROUGH BRED COLT.

FOR SALE—a sorrel colt, three years old, on the tenth day of the present month—got by Talma out of Dove. *Talma* is full brother to Alice Grey, and was got by Henry out of Sportsmistress—she, by Hickory out of Miller's Damsel, the dam of Eclipse. *Dove* is by Duroc, out of Romp, (full sister to Miller's Damsel) who was by imported Messenger, out of the imported Pot8o's mare, bred by Lord Grosvenor. On the surpassing excellence of the pedigree, nothing need be said to persons who are conversant with turf history. The colt has been carefully reared, and is clear of every imperfection. Persons disposed to purchase willl judge for themselves, how far his form and action, are in harmony with his descent. may be added that he is from the stud which has produced Robin Hood, Post Boy, Tarquin, Ecarte, and Nelson, all winners, of whom one has made the best time in a two mile run, which our annals furnish, viz. 3m. 44s. and another is now fairly at the head of the American Turf. Three of these five, trace back through Miller's Damsel, to the Pot8o's mare, and the other two, are from a Hickory mare; one by Eclipse, and the other by Henry. Apply after Saturday immediately preceding the first spring Meeting Union Course, at the stables of Mr. J. R. Snediker, where the colt many then be examined. April 23 1836.

THEATRICAL.

THE AUTHOR OF A COMEDY in three acts, wishes to dispose of it to some good Low Comedian, in order to have it represented in a manner that will be advantageous to the purchaser as well as himself.—The play referred to, was written for a Prize Comedy, but; owing to a misunderstanding between the Committee and himself, it was not read by them-it is now for sale in manuscript with the stage business arranged for immediate representation. Any person wishing a piece of the Low Comedy order, will please address COMICUS at the office of the Spirit of the Times, stating when and where an interview may be had.

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wad-cutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him since his commencement in business, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.

R. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street.

N. B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 29

ECLIPSE MARE FOR SALE.

A Gentleman has for sale a very fine sorrel mare, 5 yrs. old, by Eclipse, dam by imported Expedition. She has been a frequent winner, though not in training the present season. She may be seen in the vicinity of the Union Conrte, during the 2d Spring Meeting. For further particnlars enquire at the office of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times. may 14

TO TURFMEN.

A YOUNG man recently arrived from Europe, of light weight, and possessing some experience, is desirous of exhibiting himself on the American Turf, and hereby offers his services to any gentleman having a strong horse to ride at the approaching races. The advertiser having rode with success for some of the first sporting characters in Europe, flatters himself that he will be able to give satisfactory references to any gentleman who may be pleased to notice this advertisement, being both strong and light in weight. Trotting matches, Sweepstakes and single matches attended. Address J. C. G. at the office of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

P. S.—The advertiser, if desired will also train either race or trotting horses. may 14

TO RIFLE DEALERS AND SPORTSMEN.

A. A. HARRINGTON, No. 95 Barclay-street, New-York, Manufacturer of Rifles of a superior quality, all of which he warrants good.

A. A. H. has for the last ten years devoted his whole attention to Rifle Making. The Experiments he has made, and the manner in which he now grooves his Guns, enables him to compete with, if not surpass, any other establishment of the kind. Southern and Western Dealers supplied at short notice, with an article they can warrant with confidence.

A. A. H. has at times a good assortment of Fowling Guns, and apparatus suitable for Sporting. Particular attention paid to Repairing and Cleaning old guns, &c. &c. mar 12

NEW-YORK AND PROVIDENCE STEAMBOAT COMPANY.

FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, the splendid Steamboat, PRESIDENT, Captain E. S. Bunker, or the BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Captain Robert B. Coleman, will leave New-York at 5 o'clock, and Providence at 12 o'clock.

For further information, apply at the Office, No. 14 Broad-street, or to the Captain, on board, at the foot of Courtland-street. feb 20

BAREFOOT,

ONE OF THE FEW HORSES IN AMERICA that has ever won the Great St. Leger. The imported horse BAREFOOT will stand for mares the ensung season, at the stable of the subscriber, near the Union Race Course, Long Island, at the following terms:—

Full-blooded Mares .	$50 the season; and $1 for the groom
cAll other Mares . . .	$25 the season

The Money to be paid when the mares are taken away, with the expense of keeping; or on or before the 15th July next. The season to commence on the 1st of March next, and terminate on the 15th July, 1836.

This fine horse was foaled the property of Mr. Watt, in England, in the year 1820, and afterwards was sold to Lord Darlington, who disposed of him to Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart.; who sent him out for the benefit of his native country at large. On the English Turf, BAREFOOT proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day; having beaten nearly, if not all, the best runners in England, as will be seen by the following statement of his performances, as well as by reference to the Sporting Annals for the years 1823 to '26 inclusive.

Doncaster Meeting, September, 1823.—Monday, Sept. 15, the St. Leger Stakes of 25 guineas each, for three-year old colts, 8st. 2lb. (114 lb.) Fillies, 8st. (112 lb.) 84 subscribers. 1. Mr. Watt's ch. c. Barefoot, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, Goodison. 2. Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Sherwood, by Filho da Puta, Scott. 3. Mr. Riddell's b. c. Comte d'Artois, R. Johnson. The following also started but were not placed.—Mr. Peirse's br. c. by Comus out of Rosanne; Lord Surrey's br. f. Etiquette, by Orville; Mr. West's ch. c. Claude Lorraine by Rubens, Mr. Roger's b. c. Tancred, brother to Pacha, by Selim; Sir M. W. Ridley's br. c. Ringlet, by Whisker; Lord Kelburn's ch. c. Caledonian, by Stamford; Mr. Hunter's br. c. by Orville out of L'Huile de Venus; Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Mercandotti, by Muley; and Mr. Furguson's ch. c. North Star, by Octavian. *Note*—Sherwood, Tinker, the Rosanne colt, Barefoot, Columbus, Comte d'Artois, Tancred, Mr. Uppleby's colt by Proselyte, Polly, the Lisette filley, North Star, Hydra, Meltonian, Berezina, Palais Royale, Brilliante, Ringlet, Plumber, Rhubarb, Isabella, Brighton, Honest John, and L'Huile de Venus' colt, went off without being started by the clerk of the course, leaving at the post Caledonia, Mercandotti, Claude Lorraine, and Etiquette, when the Rosanne colt came in first, Barefoot second, and Comte d'Artois third. This was decided by the Stewards and gentlemen appointed from the Club to be a false start, and the race was afterwards run as above. *False Start*—Sherwood made very severe play, and kept the lead up to the Red House, when he was headed by Comte D'Artois, and some very severe running then took place between the Comte, Barefoot, and Rosanne, the latter winning by only a head. Tinker was beat early, and Barefoot was shut out in running. Run in 3 minutes, and 22 seconds. *The Start*,—The Comte here made severe play, until about two distances from home, when Barefoot came along side of him, and won very easy by two lengths. Run in 3 minutes 23 1-4 seconds. See page 69 of English Racing Calendar, attached to vol. 12 of the English Sporting Magazine, for 1823, and also Annals of Sporting for 1823, vol 4, p. 248. It is also worthy of note, that the St. Leger Course in 1823, was 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, it has since been curtailed 43 yards, leaving it of latter years only 1 mile, 6 furlongs and 132 yards, precisely 308 yards short of 2 miles, which, although run last year in 3 min. 23 secs., yet Barefoot in 1823, went 43 yards further in the same time, and repeated the distance with only the addition of 1-4 of a second. Moreover, in the first race, ordered to be run over, in consequence of being adjudged a false start; Barefoot although shut out, that is hemmed in on all sides by the crowd of horses, so as to obstruct him, nevertheless, lost by only a head! And in the second trial won easy by two lengths. Here then his success did not depend upon any fortuitous circumstance! he proved himself by repetition, decidedly the best Horse, of a large lot of good ones, and is in justice entitled to credit, for that which no horse in America can show a claim,—running 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, (nearly 265 yards short of two miles,) when 3 years old, with 114lbs. upon his back, in 3min. 23 secs, and repeating in 3m, 23 1-4 secs.

In corroboration of what is here said, will be found in the Annals of Sporting, vol. 4, page 244—"at length the St. Leger of 1823 is decided, and *Barefoot*, after running the race twice, is declared the victor, thus proving the old adage, that public running is the sure and safest criterion to back a horse."

HIS PEDIGREE is as follows, and equal to that of any other horse:—he was got by *Tramp* out of *Rosamond*, by *Buzzard*; her dam, *Rosebury*, sister to *Huby*, by *Phenomenon*; her dam, *Miss West*; by *Matchem—Regulus—Crab—Childers—Basto*. *Tramp* was got by *Dick Andrews*, out of a *Gohanna Mare*; her dam, *Flaxinella*, by *Trentham—Woodpecker*; *Everlasting*, by *Eclipse*. *Dick Andrews* was got by *Joe Andrews*, out of a *Highflyer Mare*; her dam, by *Cardinal Puff—Tatler—Snip—Godolphin Arabian*. *Joe Andrews* was got by *Eclipse*, out of *Amaranda*, by *Omnium*; her dam, *Cloudy*, by *Blank—Crab—Partner*, &c.

PERFORMANCES.—At the York Spring Meeting, 1822, he run second to Miss Fanny, in a sweepstakes of 30gs. each for two year olds, for which eight started, and three only were placed. In September 1822, (then only two years old.) he won a sweepstake of 20gs. each, 11 subscribers. at Pontefract, carrying 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Bourdeaux and 4 others very easy. BAREFOOT, at the Spring Meeting at York, May 1823, at three years old, St. Leger Stakes, 1 mile 3 quarters, 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Sir Anthony and Harpooner. Time, 3min. 15sec. or 1min. 51sec. per mile.

1823--At the August Meeting at York, won a sweepstakes, 17 subscribers, 8st. 5lb. (11lb7. 1 mile and a quarter. Time 2 min. 22 sec. or 1min. 52sec. per mile, beating Richardson's B. C. by Filho da Puta--Nitrogen--Isabella, and one other. At Ponterfact, Sept. 2, won a sweepstakes, 10 subscribers, 1 mile 3 quarters, 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Palatine. Won very easy. At Doncaster, September Meeting, he won the great St. Leger Stakes, for three year old colts, 83 subscribers, 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) distance. Time 3min. 23 1-4sec. beating Sherwood --Comte D'Artrois—Comus—Etiquette—Claude Lorraine—Tancred—Ringlet—North Star —Mercandotti—Ganymede—Caledodian—and 11 others. Compte D'Artois took the lead at starting, and made severe running, till near the distance post, when Barefoot came up, passed him, and won by two lengths. After winning the Doncaster Great St. Leger, he was purchased by Lord Darlington, (now Marquis of Cleaveland,) for 3000gs. was carried by him to New-Market, where he challenged Colonel Udney's celebrated Horse Emelius, (the recent winner of all the great stakes and since the sire of Priam, Plenipo, Sarpedon, and others,) for 2000 guineas, which was not accepted. At Newmarket, Houghton meeting, in October, he won the handicap plate, 50*l*., distance 1 mile 1 quarter and 24 yards, 8st. 10lb (122lb.) beating Tressilian, Van Loo, Aaron, Nicoli, Mina, and Mr. Williamson's Partizan Colt. Won easy,—Thus winning every race for which he started, for that year, and beating the best horses on the Turf.

1824—At four years old, June meeting, at Ascot Heath, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100sovs. against Bizarre, carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) 2 miles and a half, 7 subscribers, and was beaten, after a well-contested race. At the same place he won the Swinley stakes, 3 subscribers, mile and a half, by walking over, no horse appearing to contend with him. At Doncaster, September meeting, on Monday, he started for the King's plate, 4 miles, 10st. 7lb. (147lb.)—Time, 8min. 18sec., and the favorite at starting; but was beaten by Arrogance and Bordeaux, coming in third, and beating Bugle. At the same meeting, the Wednesday following, he started for a sweepstakes, 5 subscribers, St. Leger Course, carrying 8st. 7lb. (119lb.) and beaten by Lottery, the best horse of his day, carrying 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) The time of running 3m. 30sec. The above is the only time of starting in 1824.

1825—At Lancaster, in June, then 5 years old, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 17 subscribers, 3 miles, 8st. 8lb., (120lb.) time not given; beating Lottery, [above mentioned, 5 years old, same weight,] Young Corrector, 5 years old, Panthea, 4 years old, carrying 7st. 11lb. (109lb.): an excellent contested race. At Derby, in July, the same year, he started for the Gold Cup, 15 subscribers, of 10 guineas each, 3 miles, 8st. 12lb. (124lb.) and was beaten by Sir Grey and Canteen, both 4 years old, and carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) and beating Sligo, 4 years old, carrying 114lb.: an excellent race. At Wolverhampton, in August, he started for the Darlington Cup, added to a sweepstakes of 13 subscribers, 10sovs. each, 3 miles, 8st. 10lb. (124 lb.) beating Gen. Mina, 5 years old, same weight, and Sir Grey, 4 4 years old, 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) the same horse that beat him at Derby, as above stated. At Northalerton, Yorkshire, in October, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with a sweepstake added, 11 subscribers, 10gs. each, 2 miles, 8st. 9lb. (121 lb.) against The Alderman, 3 years old, 6st. 10lb. (94lb.) and was beaten only by a neck, notwithstanding the great difference of weight. It may be remarked that The Alderman has proved himself to be one of the best horses of his day. The above are all Barefoot's races of the year 1825.

1826—At the Manchester meeting, May 17th, Barefoot won the Free Handicap Stakes, of 30sovs. each, 2 miles and a distance, he carrying 9st. (126lb.) beating Miller of Mansfield, 8st. 4lb. (116lb.) and Lord Grosvenor's Hybla, 5 years, 7st. 12lb. (110lb.): a good race, 5 to 4 on Barefoot. At Lancaster, July 21, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs., added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 3 subscribers, carrying 8st. 12lb. (124lb.) 3 miles, beating Crowcatcher, 4 years old, 112lb. and Sophy, by Comus, 4 yrs, 109lb. The above comprise all the races of Barefoo

BAREFOOT is a remarkably beautiful horse, a bright chesnut, 15 1 2 hands high, very fine in his forehand, muscular, and well-proportioned in all respects, very acae. of a high spirit, and at the same time of a good temper. The breeders of horses are respectfully invited to call and examine this horse.

JOHN R. SNEDEKER,
Union Hotel, Long Islan

feb 20

AMERICAN RACES TO COME—1836.

Grensburg, Ky.	Match, $5000 a side, 4 m. heats, Angora *vs.* Rodolph, W'y. 21st Sept.
Natchez, Miss.	Match, mile h. $5000 a side. Red Maria *vs.* Chuckfahila, 6th Dec
Trenton, N. J.	Eagle Course, Second Meeting, 1st Tuesday, June 7th.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country, may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. York Spirit of the Times. For a great number of Racing, Trotting, Pedestrian, Aquatic, Shooting, and other Matches and Challenges, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our pigeon holes are crammed with letters and communications but we have not had a moment to read one.

Forrest is *not* playing in London at $1000 per night.

The Woods *may* play for the Texian Fund (or the devil) in Philadelphia next Monday. *He* will be mobbed here in three days more if the public authorities do not interfere.

J. M. W. and W. E's favors from Baltimore and Boston look interesting, but we have read neither.

"A Maryland Breeder" is certain of a place next week.

The "papers" from J. J. Esq. have arrived. Much obliged, but too full this week to avail ourselves of your courtesy.

We have received files of papers, letters, &c. by the Liverpool Packet of the 8th, that arrived yesterday and shall dip into them in our next.

WOOD THE SINGER.

As we anticipated, last Friday evening there was a regular row at the Park Theatre on account of the Woods. The house was crowded long before the curtain went up in every part, and great numbers who thronged the doors outside, waiting their turn for tickets, were obliged to retire. For a full half hour before the curtain was lifted, the house was resounding with caterwauling, stamping of feet, hisses, groans and various other clamor. It was now "*Huzza for Wood*," and then "*Huzza for Webb;*"—"three groans for the English boxer," then "three more for the Courier." But let but two words from Mrs. Conduit or Mrs. Wood be heard, and it seemed as if the roof would come down with the applause. There was no "division of the house" on those questions; each party vieing with the other in gallantry.

After a long while the overture was commenced to the noisiest set of listeners we ever witnessed. Occasionally, however, a few notes of its martial and spirited music would command attention and be listened to in spite of all the excitement. The curtain at length went up and the Opera (*Fra Diavolo*) proceeded. The noise ceased for a few moments, and we could make out a little of the music, till at last Mrs. Wood came on. Then there was indeed a thunder of applause; the whole house rose up and there was a waiving of hats and kerchiefs, and such cheering, enthusiastic bursts of applause as were never heard. If we recollect aright she came on in a different dress from that in which she usually opens the opera. At any rate, she was now all attired in virgin white, and looked never so lovely. She looked round upon her noisy, masculine admirers (there was not a woman in the house off the stage) with so modest and supplicating an air, that the most stony heart seemed melted. We shall never forget her eloquent yet mute appeal to the sympathies of her threatening audience.

After a while the play went on, but was soon again interrupted by some hideous yells in the lobby of the pit. In a moment more in rushed a crowd of men and boys, such as rarely *grace* the boards of Old Drury. From being but partially filled, (there was no management, *of course*, in the pit's being but partially filled on such a night as this!) it was now crammed to death; it positively boiled up with its over-crowded contents. At length Mr. Wood, the veritable *Fra Diavolo*, came on, and there was a renewal of shouts, applause, hisses and groans equal to any thing we had thus far had. Mr. Wood was pleased to interpret this as an approval of his conduct, and bowed again and again to the audience, and beckoned it to hush. But some how or other the noise kept on, till at last some large finely prepared placards were brought forward by the managers of which the burden was, "Mr. Wood's friends are requested to remain quiet." One would have thought that this would have stilled the house, but again *some how or other* it was not still; the diminution of noise was scarcely perceptible. At length Mr. Wood began to understand this as a hint to retire. Other less equivocal but more exceptionable hints were soon given. Various little things were thrown upon the stage, among others a narrow strip of board about four feet long, and three inches wide, bound about with cloth we believe. Many thought this huge missile would have been fatal to the cantatrix, had it not been intercepted by the broad breast and hands of Mr. Placide; at least so said some of the papers the next day. Just at this time, the pit, unable to stand the close compression longer, fairly burst forth, involuntarily casting forth into the orchestra a crowd of men and boys, who then clambered up on to the stage. The musicians fled and most of the actors. Mr. Wood of course retired, and we believe immediately left the house with his lady.

Thus has one of the most popular actors on our stage been hissed off, in consequence of having excited the indignation of the public by what they deemed a want of generosity towards a lady in the same profession, and then quarrelling with the editor who ventured to expose him. May it prove a useful lesson to all his successors on our stage.

We should remark that the immense audience dispersed quietly at about 10 o'clock, doing hardly the slightest damage to the house or its decorations. Although not very prompt to retire, (every one desiring to await the issue of all the proceedings,) yet in every other particular the audience showed the greatest respect to the civil magistrates, and the utmost kindness and consideration to the manager and the different members of his company.

Many of the friends of Mr. Wood, dissatisfied with the verdict of the public given on Friday evening, offered Mr. Wood a dinner prior to his departure for England. This was declined in a long letter published in *the Star*, in which he vindicated himself from the charge of injustice towards Mrs. Conduit, with many other such like matters. Thereupon a committee of his friends, some rather green perhaps, presented him with various pieces of plate, we do not at this moment recollect what. We allude to the subject at all, only to say how Wood has forfeited all claim even to this mark of good will, by his brutal, atrocious and vulgar conduct towards the Reporter of the Courier and Enquirer—a much older man than Mr. Wood, and infinitely his inferior in size and strength, and *not* a pugilist;—and more than all, a man who deserved any thing than ill will from Mr. Wood.

A friend who witnessed the disgraceful act assures us that the account given of it in the Courier is essentially correct. We therefore extract it, as given by the Reporter himself.

"While I was engaged in conversation with a gentleman in the lobby of the Park Theatre on Wednesday evening, Wood and Brough, the singers, accompanied by two of their boon companions, came in. The former, after exchanging a few words with one of the door keepers advanced towards us, and addressing me made some remark in relation to the late occurrence at the Park. I expressed my deep regret at having in my observation on the subject of Mrs. Conduit's benefit been measureably instrumental in producing the subsequent difficulties.—That had the matter rested exclusively with me, every obstacle would have been removed, but that the pen had passed from my hand which deprived me of all controul of the subject, that at the very outset, I communicated to his (Wood's) friends those feelings, with a desire that they would make them known to him.

"Why, do you mean to say," he replied, "that your paragraph is founded on truth?"

"Assuredly, I do," said I. "Mr. Simpson, whom you called as a witness in your behalf, substantiated the only point at issue, and stated distinctly to the audience on Tuesday evening, that when he asked you what play Mrs. Wood took for her benefit, and you answered Guy Mannering, he told you that Mrs. Conduit had already selected that piece for her benefit, which was fixed for the night after that of Mrs. Wood's, and that you then left him without making any reply."

"And do you say that your paragraph is true?"

"Certainly, under those circumstances."

"Then I say you are a damned liar," and without a moment's hesitation spit full in my face, and placed himself in the attitude of an English boxer. Unarmed, and totally incapable of contending against a ruffian of herculean frame, more than twenty years my junior, and a professed pugilist—for such he was well known in London, I had no other alternative left me but to revile him for his dastardly brutality; and, sooth to say, in the irritated state of my feelings, I was not over choice in my epithets. He revenged himself by twice spitting at me, and then left me.

I shall not indulge in a single comment on this disgraceful outrage, but leave our readers to decide upon the conduct of a ruffian, who, while he sets at defiance public opinion, has the insolence to declare that he has been made the victim of unmerited persecution."

We can scarcely imagine more brutal and disgraceful conduct, and shall be surprised if it is not followed up with some more palpable mark of general disapprobation, than the mere sentiment of the public press.

We are extremely pleased to see by the following from the Courier that a proper feeling has already manifested itself in a proper quarter:—

End of Wood, the Singer.—Henry Ogden, Esq. Chairman of the Committee appointed to invite Wood, the singer to a public entertainment, and to present him with a service of plate, has just called to inform us that he (Mr. Ogden) and many of the gentlemen whose names are attached to that invitation, disclaim all further intercourse with Wood, will revoke the whole proceedings, and hand him over to the execration he deserves. The indignation felt for his brutal attack upon our reporter, is intense in all quarters. Those papers, therefore, who have with so much exultation paraded the "compliment to Mr. Wood," before their readers, will have the opportunity to digest their mortification as best they may.—Courier.

Dowton made his debut before an Amerian audience, at the Park last evening, in the character of Falstaff, in Henry IV. Though the audience in consequence of the rain, the season of the year, and the recent excitement, was not as numerous as it otherwise would have been, it was highly respectable, and received the distinguished stranger with its accustomed warm and hearty greeting. Several rounds of applause suspended the performance, before old hoary-headed Jack's oft reiterated bows, for this cordial welcome, could induce the company to permit him to proceed. We can say of the performance that it was attentively listened to throughout, closely scrutinized, and universally approved, as the chastest and most finished personation of the character seen on our boards since the days of George Frederick Cooke. It may be thought to have wanted fire, and to have been rather tame—but it was gentlemanly, dignified and without the slightest affectation; and the passages in some of the by-play, were given with inimitable tact, that brought down repeated plaudits. Star.

Mr. Coudert, Director of the New York Lyceum desires to advise the friends of that Institution, that it is removed from the corner of Washington and Amos streets, to that large plot of ground between the Seventh and Eighth Avenues on Eighteenth street.

Tom Thumb trotted one hundred miles in ten hours, exclusive of stoppages but not including. He did his match on Sunbury Common in 10 hours 7 min.

The *Trotting*, from Bell's Life in London of May 1st, in to-day's paper, will be read with interest, though it can be beat by twenty horses in this city.

We are glad to hear that the reports of Col. Crowell's plantation having been burnt by the Indians at Fort Mitchell, Ala., is unfounded.

Salmagundi.

The following good 'un is "*the last*" of the wag of the Washington Mirror:—

Mind your i.—A Kentucky member of Congress, wished to write to his wife on arriving at Washington city, that he had 'formed a connexion with a very agreeable *Mess*, and expected to spend the winter very pleasantly.' Unfortunately, and greatly to the surprise and mortification of the good lady to whom he was writing, he inadvertently dotted the *e* in the word *Mess*.

A strict adherence to truth is at all times to be commended, and we cannot but admire, therefore, the reply of a lady who was charged at the Mansion House, on Tuesday, on suspicion of picking pockets in church. In answer to a query from his Lordship whether she was married, she said, "Not exactly, but I live with a gentleman." The two ideas evidently approximated in her notion of the matter. As she was not married, she perhaps thought that the next best thing was "living with a gentleman."

In the lead trial the other day, at the Surrey Sessions, one of the witnesses, in his cross-examination, said "he was not aware that Lord Palmerston paid rent *for* a lady"—meaning Mrs. Murray Mills. "No," remarked Chambers to Dunbar, in a side whisper, "but he paid her *home*-age for all that."

"Does 'fair Eleanor' ever bet?" asked Forester of Lyne Stephens. "Occasionally," replied the *parvenu*, "I have known her *lay* upon the turf." "The devil you have!" exclaimed Queen Sarah's pet pupil.

Di Novo, the *soi-distant* Count, whom the Duchess of Cannizzaro induced by a liberal douceur to quit the stage at Milan to reside in this country, and who was engaged for a term of years by her Grace to sing in *private*, has declined a renewal of the engagement without an increased premium. The sum paid to Di Novo, originally, was 6,000*l.*, for which he contends ample value has been received. His demand, we understand, is 11,000*l.* for a renewed term of three years. This is paying the piper with a vengeance!

Truffle-eating Poltimore has appropriately enough selected the *Bed*-ford Hotel, Brighton, as a residence for his new wife during the concluding days of the honeymoon, His lordship, it would seem, begins already to think of the *air*.

When Lady Glengall was told that her father's arms would be quartered with those of her Lord, she expressed an anxious wish that the *fore quarter* might be selected. "For," concluded the lady, "pa always gave a preference to that part of the bullock." Glengall would have fainted but for the immediate application of the smelling bottle!

We may congratulate Farly that good use has been discovered to which a red-nose may be applied. Shakspeare tells us that "a good nose is requisite to smell out work for other senses," and there exists an American one of peculiarly good qualities. We are informed that "a native of New Hampshire, crossing a pond and being rather thirsty, perceived a hole cut through the ice. He stooped down to drink but being possessed of a long red nose, a fish took it for some bait, and made bold to snap at it, when the man suddenly throwing his head back, drew out a trout which weighed three pounds." The shape of the nose is not described, but we should suspect it to be a *hooked* nose.

Mr. Laing, "the worthy and humane," who lately exhibited his Christian charity by punishing a poor girl for weeping over the tomb of her father, justifies himself by stating, that such feeling is all "my eye," as no one will ever weep over *his* grave. We think so too.

The Hon. Mrs. Norton, in discussing with the Premier the necessity of taking some steps to put a stop to the fearful and savage sacrifice of human life now going on in Spain, remarked, that "she was decidedly in favor of an *armed interference*." His lordship moved the previous question, and the liberty of the *press* was resumed.

The members of O' Mulgrave's househould have strongly denied the charge of having won a sum of money at a gambling house in Dublin. The following is their denial and reason:—

> The only *play* that we avow
> Whene'er we take our evening's revel,
> Is that which Mulgrave doth allow,
> The right to *play* the very *devil*.

"What piece of music, by two celebrated composers, (asked Tom Cooke the other day at a table, as he was sharpening his knife and fork to cut and come again at a round of beef,) do I now put you in mind of?" All being sharp set and arranged for the purpose of using their teeth and not their tongues, kept silence, determined not to open their mouths till they put something into them. Tom therefore favoured them with the solution. "Because you see a *joint* composition of *Handle* and *Steel*."

A man recently at Bristol objected to be sworn on a jury because he had lost his right arm, and consequently could not take the book in his right hand. This was escaping in an *off-handed* manner, and no mistake. We advise Jack the Grunter to take the hint, and when he is called upon to go into the *box* to plead his *queer leg*.

The war in Florida between the Americans and the Indians is carried on by two Generals, bearing the names of Gaines and Clinch. Penciller Inkling Willis has sent us the undermentioned, "by the way:"—

> These Florida heroes war queerly by inches,
> Tho' at fighting take desperate pains;
> Whilst the one quickly *gains*, and a victory *clinches*,
> The other he *clinches* the *gains*.

London Age.

In the course of the trial which took place the other day at the Surrey Sessions, wherein Lord Palmerston and his fair friend figured so pre-eminently, the following is said to have transpired in the course of a cross-examination of a witness: "You say Mrs. Murray Mills was the proprietor of Bulkley Lodge?—Yes. "Did Lord Palmerston ever *lodge* there? "No, but I heard that he *boarded* in the house."

"What thought your Lordship (asked Hobler of Lord Copeland) of Mrs. Sharpe's performance in *Lady Constance*?" "*Sharp!* (said his Lordship) I thought it was *flat*."

"Why, Hobler, (enquired the Mayor) was last Monday night like Good Friday? Do you give it up? Because it was the *Bunns'* benefit."

Why is a public sale next door like Alderman Farebrother?—Because it is an auction-near (auctioneer.)

Why is a story wrongly told like a maiden twice introduced at Court?—Because it is Miss re-presented.

Deaf Burke's mother died on Thursday in great mental agony in the absence of her son, who was both dutiful and affectionate, and has unfortunately gone to America. She died in great distress. Bell's Life in London April 10.

Old Coke has written to the papers to contradict the report that he is "burnt out." He states that both himself and Lady Anne are as right as a trivet, and no mistake. He lately lost a younker 14 months old by the croup. "What is that? (says the old cock) we can afford it."

Hobler's Last.—When is water like an intoxicated man?—When it's drunk.

"What was Adam?" enquired Heavy-wet Buxton of an emancipated nigger. "Adam, Massa?—*a-dam* nice man."

Which day is never observed in England?—The Dey of Algiers."

Prince Charles of Capua, the papers tell us, is laid up with lumbago, the humidity of this climate not agreeing with the *corpus* of this amorous child of the sunny south. This may be the fact—but it is a common complaint with all who enter into the bonds of Hymen three weeks after marriage with a spanking Hibernian wench.

"The *glove* trade is very brisk I see," said Jack Gulley to Tom Dumcombe the other evening. "Yes! (answered the Finsbury swell) and if you read a little further you will find that all the *hands* are employed."

Rothschild's Last.—Vhy vas Captain Cook like the author of "England in 1835?"—Because he vas "Von Raumer" (one roamer.)

We can add but the expression of our hearty concurrence in the sentiments contained in the following article from the Courier in relation to the

Astor House.—This magnificent establishment was opened yesterday morning and filled at once with inmates. An invitation was given the day previous to a select number of citizens to view the house; an invitation of which we found it impossible to avail ourselves, but we have since gone through the rooms with a view of attempting some description of them. We have given it over, however, in despair. Our own dimensions are pretty ample, but we cannot spare the space for a quarto volume to one subject, and nothing short of a volnme can give even a tolerable description of this immense structure. There are between three and four hundred rooms, all of them large, airy and convenient, and a large number very spacious indeed. The dining room on Barclay street, is one hundred feet long, forty feet wide, and nineteen and a half high—the apartments from the first to the sixth story are superbly carpeted and splendidly furnished in every possible appointment necessary to the comfort and convenience of the occupant. The furniture is rich and beautiful, but regulated by a severe taste, as is everything about the house. There is not a particle of tinsel upon the premises.—All is in the first style of elegance—chaste and simple elegance with not a tawdry trapping to mar the general effect. Indeed, we can think of no better mode of conveying a correct idea of the whole interior than simply to say that every portion of it is in good keepiug with the exterior; and to those who have seen the noble building from Broadway, this we take it is praise enough. It is unquestionably, in size, architecture, and material the most imposing structure in the city, and we doubt not the largest house constructed expressly for a public hotel in the world.

The "Kitchen Cabinet," is in itself a study, and its machinery, its magazines of provisions and its colony of one hundred operatives in every department of culinary service, occupying as they do a portion of the premises, itself larger than hotels, exhibit a *coup d'œil*, we venture to say, to be found no were else in this country. The locality of this house is by far the finest and most eligible that could have been found in New-York. Very truly has Mr. Astor built to himself an enduring monument of his opnlence and his public spirit in the erection of this immense Mansion, and done it too, with a taste and judgment that have made the whole as pleasing to the eye and as subservent to the utility of its purposes, as it is massive and magnificent in its proportions.

It is gratifying too, that this establishment has gone into hands capable of managing its concerns in a manner suited to its magnitude and importance. The Messieurs Boyden open the house under all the advantages of an established reputation, and are fully competent to the task they have undertaken. That they will make it as advantageous to themselves as we are sure they will to the public, we not only hope but most confidently believe.

TO THE SPORTING AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM F. GRIFFIN & CO. would respectfully inform their Friends and the Public, and Gentlemen from the South and West, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas Richards & Morrell, No. 240 Pearl St. corner of Burling Slip, where they would respectfully invite the attention of gentlemen purchasing Clocks and Watches as they have received and are continually receiving Invoices of First rate watches consisting of London Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. Some of their Watches having Independent Second Hands with the stop Work arranged out side of the case are allowed by the best Judges to be the most correct article ever introduced for *marking time*. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing any of the above articles are requested to give us a call as our prices will be found most satisfactory. These Watches being chiefly of our own importation we are enabled to sell them as low as any other establishment in the city. Gentlemen are requested to call and inspect the New Assortment, which for Quality and Price are equal, if not superior to any in the City.

New York, April 7th, 1836.

EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.

THE SECOND SPRING MEETING, will commence on Wednesday, June 8th, 1836.

First Day—At 12 o'clock, Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, mile heats, subscription $300, and $100 forfeit, four or more to make a race, (to name and close on the 20th of May.

Also, the same day, a purse of $200, mile heats, free for all ages.

Second Day—At 12 o'clock. a purse of $300, two mile heats.

Third Day—At 12 o'clock, Citizens' Purse, $1000, four mile heats. Entrance for the Citizens' Purse, $40, $300 of this purse to go to the horse that is second in the last heat, provided he is not distanced.

TROTTING.

On the first day of the races, at 3 o'clock, P. M. a purse of $100, to be trotted for, under the saddle, two mile heats, free only for green horses that never won a match or purse over that amount.

Also, on the second day, at 3 o'clock, P. M. a purse of $200, to be trotted for, in harness, two mile heats, free for all.

Also, on the third day, at 3 o'olock, P. M Citizens' Purse of $200, to be trotted for, under the saddle, mile heats, best three in five, free for all.

The Purses to be Trotted for according to the rules of the Hunting Park Course. Entrances for all purses will close, (except for the first days,) at the Eagle Hotel, on the day previous to each race or trot, at half past 2 o'clock, P. M. ☞ A list of the horses that are entered, will be published in the United States' Gazette, Philadelphia, on the morning previous to each race. Good stabling, in the vicinity of the course, can be secured by early application to the subscriber.

O. BAILEY, Secretary.

Trenton, May 6, 1836 may 14

LADY JANE FOR SALE.

THE splendid Eclipse mare LADY JANE, 5 years old. dam by Expediton, grand dam by Imported Messenger. Lady Jane beat last fall Dr. Philips' famous mare *Mad. Sontag*, 3 mile heats. She will arrive at Mr. Drews' Hotel in the vicinity of the Union Course this week and if in any condition, after traveling several hundred miles, will run the two mile day, of the ensuing 2d Spring Meeting. For further particulars enquire of the Editor N. Y. Spirit of the Times. may 28.

SUPERIOR TONED FLUTES, &c.

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON.—The attention of amateurs and artists of Music is respectfully invited to an inspection of a valuable assortment of Flutes and Clarionets recently received from the manufacturer, among which are several of the celebrated Taylor Flutes.

The simple construction, the durability and elegance of the Taylor Flute render them worthy the attention of every performer on that instrument. They are manufactured of the best seasoned cocoawood. with eight or nine silver keys with double springs; silver bands, with or without the ivory joint.

The superior construction of the keys stands unrivalled; they stop with the greatest accuracy, make no rattling noise, and are not liable to get out of order. The great fault of incorrect intonation in Flutes is well known. By close application and great care, the imperfection has been remedied in the Taylor Flutes. These will be found extremely easy to blow, and possess a superior and peculiar sweetness of tone.

Each of the above Flutes are examined by Mr. P. H. Taylor, professor of the instrument, and none are genuine unless marked "P. H. Taylor, Approved," accompanied by his certificate.

Also—Flutes and Clarionets of every pattern and number of keys, both silver and brass. Every instrument is warranted, and can be returned if found imperfect.

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON,
may 14 201 Broadway, near St. Paul's.

MOBILE AND ST. LOUIS THEATRES.

N. M. LUDLOW, (of the firm of Smith & Ludlow, Managers of the above named establishments,) will be in New York and Philadelphia, the latter part of May, when he will be ready to receive propositions from such persons as may wish to engage for one year.

The Evening Star will please copy daily, inside, until forbid.

THE IMPORTED HORSE SIR RICHARD,

WILL STAND THIS SPRING, at O. Bailcy's stable, at the Eagle Hotel, Trenton, N. J. at $50 the season; $75 to insure. O. BAILEY.

Trenton, March 20, 1836. mar 26

NEW YORK, ALBANY & TROY STEAMBOAT LINE.

The ERIE, Capt. J. Benson, The CHAMPLAIN, Capt. A. Gorham,
" ALBANY, " J. G. Jenkins, " NORTH AMERICA, " G. Lathrop,
" OHIO, " M. Bartholomew, " DE WITT CLINTON, S. R. Roe.
The ROBERT L. STEVENS, J. P. Dean.

One of the above named Boats will leave New York for Albany from the foot of Barclay street every morning at 7 o'clock, and from the foot of Courtland street every afternoon at 5 o'clock.

The morning and evening lines will receive passengers at the Old States Prison wharf.

All goods, freight, baggage, bank bills specie, or any other property taken, shipped, or put on board the boats of this line, must be at the risk of the owner sof such goods, freight, baggage &c.

HORICULTURE.

THE subscriber respectfully invites the Ladies and Gentlemen, Amateurs, Florist, &c. to his splendid collection of *new Flowering plants*, viz. *Geraniums, Rhododendrons Agaleas, Calceolaris, Cactuses*, &c. He has now in splendid bloom at his Garden and Greenhouse, corner of Willoughby & Jay st. near the Military Garden, Brooklyn, L. I.

RUSSELL.

Florist, and Landscape Gardener, from London. may 21-3t

TO SPORSTMENAND BREEDERS—BLOOD STOCK.

THE subscrber, will offer at Auction on the 7th of June, all his Blood-Stock—consisting of of Mares, Horses, and Fillies, by Henry, Eclipse, imported Autocrat, &c. Among others worthy of attention is a bay mare by Henry out of the dam of Cadmus.

The sale will take place at 2 o'clock, P. M. at his Mill Farm (formerly occupied by Col. Archer,) one mile west of Hampton, which is the regular landing place for all the Albany and New York boats, or persons preferring it, can land at Newburgh, and return to New York in the Newburgh boat by 9 o'clock same evening.

may 21-3w EDWARD ARMSTRONG.

NEW SERIES FOR 1836.

The New York Spirit of the Times;
A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE
Of the Sporting, Fashionable, and Literary World,
ON A PLAN MORE ORIGINAL AND ATTRACTIVE THAN ANY WEEKLY JOURNAL IN THE UNITED STATES.

W. T. PORTER, EDITOR.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES is essentially a Sporting Journal; but, as it is a well-grounded objection against all *mere sporting papers*, that they are extremely monotonous, the plan of this publication will include a wider range. and the concerns of *Literature* and *the Drama*, Foreign and Domestic *Intelligence*, *Doings in the Fashionable Circles*, &c., &c., will fall within the scope of our design, and render it at once grateful to the sportsman and general reader. TERMS—Five Dollars per annum in advance.

SACKETT & BRANCH,
PRINTERS.